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PRICE ONE SHILLING

HIDDEN
SENSE

SEEK AND FIND

OF

Double Acrostics

EDITED BY



LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.



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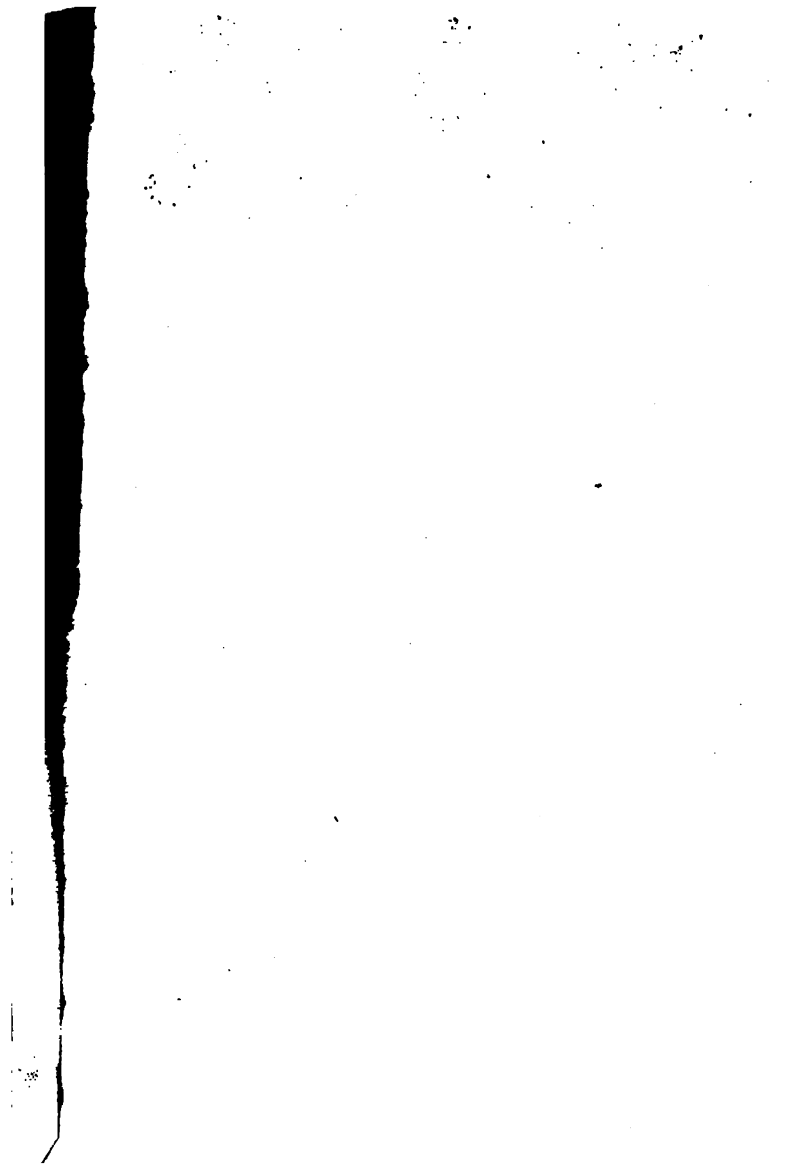
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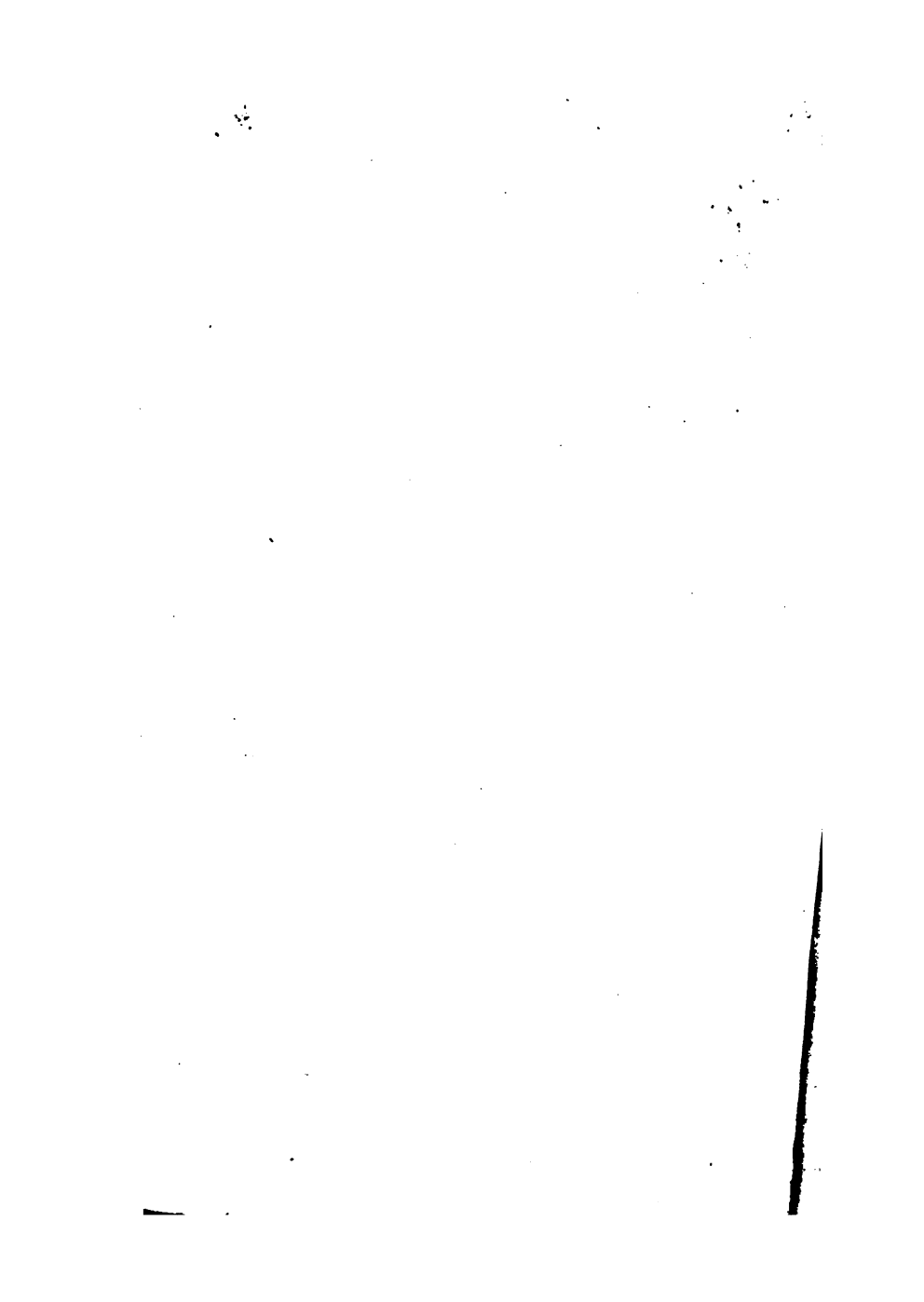
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HIDDEN SENSE.

SEEK AND FIND;

OR,

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

EDITED BY

E. R. BABINGTON.



LONDON:

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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TO
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COVENT GARDEN.

HIDDEN SENSE ;

OR,

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

Stiff and stately :
A bud but lately.

- 1 Hark ! it's the tabby cat's song :
- 2 Poor Juliet he thought was a corpse.
- 3 The boats on it race well along,
- 4 She's grey, but the far better horse.

II.

- 1 A musician who has written a charming autobiography.
- 2 A musician also, and, like my first, pure and happy.
- 1 "Mourns his spirit, anguish torn,"
- 2 What his vessel is to the "sailor-born."
- 3 A shape ascribed to the god of day,
Or an emblem of empire, choose which you may.
- 4 I spring eternal in the human breast.
- 5 The moorhen 'midst my sedges builds her nest.

III.

Over the notes your fingers may stray,
For I shall be absent, not present, to-day.

- 1 A conic section I've described,
- 2 And legal study I have tried ;
- 3 At x and y I have made essay,
- 4 But every year I play away.

IV.

- 1 "Old Caspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh—
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'"
- 2 "Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
* * * Rider and horse!—friend, foe!—in one red
burial blent!"
- 1 "For 'tis the hand we love the best
That deals the hardest——"
- 2 "Sure 'twas the clash of swords! * *
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die with horror at the thought."
- 3 "He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him."
- 4 Greater than the Rhine, Rhone, or Danube.
* * "A slow, vast volume of water, mild and
beneficent as his statue in the Vatican."
- 5 "When maidens such as —— die
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour."

- 6 "A palace dedicate to him
Who on this day, the famed tenth of August,
Slaughter'd—more cruelly than Swiss guard—fell
- 7 "Sly stab o' the tongue."
- 8 "This little Principality,
The gamblers' home."

V.

Two modern heroines.

- I. "Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.
Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."
- II. "I marvel who will crown you wife, yon grand
And goodly creature ! Who will mount supreme *
Curb the strong will that leaps, and foams, and
chafes
Unto the golden gate, where quiet sits
Grave matronhood."
- 1 An unhappy Stuart.
2 A renegade French general.
3 A British king.
4 A Byronic hero.
5 A Jewish queen.
6 A Poet's love.

VI.

"Mein Vater hat mich kaum geliebt."

- 1 "Named from him 'gainst whom I first was thun-
der'd."

- 2 "I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;* *
By all the vows that men have ever broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee."
- 3 "Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirit in thine ear."
- 4 "Sports prepare, the —— bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing."
- 5 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christen'd and heathen—must be-lee'd and calm'd."
- 6 "Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; * *
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage."

VII.

- 1 "While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook
That mortal man his bearing should behold."
- 2 "King James within her princely bower,
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power."
- 1 "And her hat with shady brim
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks."
- 2 "Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life."
- 3 "In dark fens of the —— swamp
The hunted negro lay."

- 4 "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
- 5 "Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have seen thy current glide;
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overwhelmed me like a tide."
- 6 "Now God and St. — strike for the good cause
of Spain!"
- 7 "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."
- 8 "Father and mother!—yes, and brother dear."

VIII.

The Heroes of Modern Novelists.

- 1 The mind that conceived thee is still;
2 Arabia, the happy!
- 1 Suggestive of Queen Elizabeth.
2 Suggestive of winter desserts.
3 Suggestive of ante-young-ladyhood.
4 Suggestive of Spartan political economy.
5 Very suggestive of royal autographs.

IX.

The colour of my favourite animal.
A name of contempt for a spinster.

- 1 The smallest bird that's the prey of a cat:
2 The folks about here are as black as your hat.

- 3 The name of some straits on your overland route :
- 4 I'm the name of a coin and an urchin to boot.
- 5 The name of a song by John Blockley of fame :
A period elapsed yet but one day bears my name.

X.

- 1 "The desolator desolate !
The victor overthrown !
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own !"
- 2 "Lay him beneath his snows,
The great Norse giant, who in these last days
Troubled the nations. * * *
Lying so straightly in an icy calm
Grandeur than sovereignty."
- 1 A Scottish saint.
- 2 An Italian poet.
- 3 A violent declamation.
- 4 A solemn promise.
- 5 A world-known shrine.
- 6 An English battle-field.
- 7 A Cæsar's sister.
- 8 A French astrologer.

XI.

- 1 "But, lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign ;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play
Here the white column greets her grateful ray,
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm."
- 2 "Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra."

- 1 " 'Courage,' he said, and pointed toward the land. *
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always——"
- 2 " Angels ever bright and fair
Take, oh, take me to your care !"
- 3 " Ah ! why will summer roses fade ? "
- 4 " We ne'er shall look upon his like again."
- 5 " Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !"
- 6 " Descending fast, the mountain-shadows miss
Thy glorious gulf * *."

XII.

- 1 " Only ladies wear it:
- 2 Only ladies wear it."
- 1 Cheer away ; cheer away ; give a cheer more !
- 2 No longer o'er *x*'s and *y*'s will we pore ;
- 3 But one of our two noble selves, you or I,
- 4 Will kick up our heels, like jackasses, high.
- 5 Only don't grow too something that rhymes well with
dump,
- 6 Lest one of our two noble selves, you or I,
- 7 Like a girl in a convent, short fare have to try.

XIII.

- 1 The Raphael of musicians.
- 2 The Milton of composers.
- 1 At first unpopular, now of all sacred works best
known :
- 2 No songstress wakes in me more thrilling tone.
- 3 My famous thoughts on Solitude to a past age belong.
- 4 " Thy proudly——and glossy neck," you know
the song.

- 5 I rouse at morning by the beat of drum,
6 The end to gain, by working out a sum.

XIV.

- 1 Though I sue and I complain
2 Of my rights I yield no grain.

1 O! do it nobly in my cause,
2 And, ere you take a long one, pause ;
3 Nor hold thee back as though in fear,
4 But give, when praising ours, a cheer.
5 She's dead to earth, as it appears,
6 And buried I can live for years ;
7 E'en now I have it in my head ;
8 And my ire in it is read :
9 But, O Jacky What-d'ye-call,
10 Pray don't bite my toes at all

XV.

"The queen of the desert, and her captive queen."

- 1 Spanish peace.
2 The wind-flower.
3 Spanish fruits.
4 Spanish Moors.
5 Last but one, first but one.
6 Italian composer.
7 A fifth quarter.

XVI.

- 1 "Dead ! Thirteen a month ago !
Short and narrow her life's walk ;
Lover's love she could not know
Even by a dream or talk : * * * *

Must you pity her for this,
 And for all the joy it is,
 You her mother, with wet face,
 Having had all in your case?"

- 2 "My sprightly neighbour! gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning ——"
- 1 "I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your woes, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I.
 But *Harry* lives that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness."
- 2 "Hector, my best one! — * * Pity hast thou none
 For this young child, and this most sad myself,
 Who soon shall be thy widow ——"
- 3 "Man never is, but always to be blest."
- 4 "In open market-place produc'd they me,
 To be a public spectacle to all;
 'Here,' said they, is 'the terror of the French.'"
- 5 "Part us, Northumberland? * * *
 My wife to France; from whence set forth in pomp,
 Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day."
- 6 "And if at first you don't succeed,
 Why try again."

XVII.

- 1 "'Twas but the twinkling of an eye betrayed him,
 2 On this drear heath."
- 1 "With blackest —— the flower-plots
 Were thickly crusted one and all."

- 2 "O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken e'er I die."
- 3 "Wreathes her brows with sedge."
- 4 "At whose bright presence darkness flies away."
- 5 A rag, bone, and bottle shop.
- 6 "Il Rè galant——"
- 7 "O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! * * *
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."
- 8 "Chivalric virtue,
Yet 'mid thieves 'tis known."

XVIII.

- 1 Here, bluest to thee were the skies,
For her dear sake, who freely all had given
Of earthly honour that was hers to give.
- 2 To thee, oh mighty son of unfam'd hammer-man.
- 1 Thus drawn, the lazy barges rouse
Scarce a ripple on Cam's breast serene.
- 2 This makes the entrance to thy house,
Oh Senate, oft a frantic scene.
- 3 This he'd ne'er brook his men to see.
As this his work will still be known
- 4 When novel it has ceased to be,
And grey and seamed the now fresh stone.
- 5 Thus had he died, how long had been
- 6 Thy *sixth*, his labour to complete.
Yet, truth be told: at one time well I ween,

- 7 This had been liker his proud form to greet,
 Than the now praises murmur'd low and sweet
 In chapel fam'd,—his ashes at thy feet.

XIX.

Two partings.

- 1 "I learnt to be a brave man constantly,
 * * Because I know, by instinct and my soul,
 The day comes that our sacred Troy must fall,
 And Priam and his people. Knowing which,
 I have no such grief for all my Trojans' sake,
 As, sweet, for *thee*. * * * * There's no man in
 the world
 Can send me to the grave apart from fate."
- 2 "Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
 Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
 Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
 That I, the king, should greatly care to live:
 For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life."
- 1 "O, and is all forgot?
 All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion."
- 2 "It is the very — of the moon;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad."
- 3 "I am the — to this pale sweet swan,
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death."
- 4 "Oh! for the — of a vanished hand."
- 5 "All is not gold that glitters."
- 6 "Bold Prometheus did aspire,
 And stole from heaven the seeds of fire."

XX.

- 1 A common flower ; the children's Christmas spree.
- 2 Grown in a bed ; oft groans in bed to be.
- 1 " My first a little thing what hops."
- 2 I feed the Nile, enrich the crops.
- 3 Sow me in Spring, and I'll make Christmas gay.
- 4 Unsown each year, I, too, make bright array.
- 5 I sped and flourish'd in the good old days.
- 6 When fiddlers play'd, and girls' steps trod my maze.
- 7 The many-isled sea towards the East.
- 8 Old-fashion'd greeting past 'twixt churl and priest.
- 9 The fierce opponent of Sir Robert Peel.
- 10 My meaning's long, whether for woe or weal.

XXI.

- 1 " Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday ; "
- 2 " A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."
- 1 Poor wretch ! condemned for life.
- 2 A slight staff in hard strife.
- 3 A sloth with such coarse hair !
- 4 Splendid when rough, more pleasant far when fair.
- 5 A modern poetess.
- 6 Pray storm a little less !
- 7 Once mighty sea-port, now a lonely heap.
- 8 Term geological ;
- 9 Sweet hay, in slumber deep.

XXII.

- 1 A land of giants, see.
- 2 Their vast homes formed of me.

- 1 Dry germ of tender flowers and leaves.
- 2 In pond'rous form this great queen grieves.
- 3 Last home of many a king of old.
- 4 My males were slain in slaughter cold.
- 5 Thy yellow meads once spake of loved ones dead.
- 6 Their bright day o'er,—with me to darkness wed.

XXIII.

- 1 Sweet little darling!
- 2 And how sweet am I.
- 1 E'en farthing rushlight has its charms for me.
- 2 If, *now*, 'tis bliss, no further let him see.
- 3 If I'm of wine, and good, then spare me praise.
- 4 Italian faction, of the good old days.
- 5 Abbot of Clugny fam'd for fasts and lore.
- 6 Ladies still wear what ages back they wore.
- 7 A Saxon king, great foe of one wild beast.
- 8 Colonial city,—of the West, not East.
- 9 Extremest point of finger or of toe.
- 10 Vast debt to this good man doth Greenland owe.

XXIV.

Two female moralists.

- 1 His tale is old but still it stirs all hearts.
- 2 A name that comfort bears to those death parts.
- 3 A Scotch cathedral's dedicate to thee.
- 4 The lady of the lake, of minstrelsy.
- 5 A name most quaint, and yet some like it rather.
- 6 Prince Hal doth Harry succeed : not Turkish son
to father.

- 7 A vowel and a consonant; would right word there
were!
- 8 Surnam'd magnificent, a weight he well could bear.
- 9 One of Sir Rowland's many sons in Shakespeare's
well-known play.
- 10 In Roslin's fane lie twenty knights, but *she* is far
away.

XXV.

- 1 No care for self could this free hand restrain.
2 Reformer great!—This life not lived in vain.
- 1 A satirist:—and all three this to those 'mongst whom
they dwelt.
- 2 To Margaret of this royal house fortune hard measure
dealt.
- 3 Thousands, or one, or may be scores, have beaten,
still may beat me.
- 4 This, hero young, still bravely tell, however ill they
treat thee.
- 5 Though made of wood, or even stone,—thy glass
gives back but thine.
- 6 One faithful to the king he deem'd alone had right
divine.

XXVI.

- 1 My first encompasses the world.
- 2 My second is making its way through my first.
- 1 The nerve most priz'd if I would see my first.

- 2 My lady's shoe
 Of golden or of varied hue.
- 3 To and again, backwards and forwards;
 To and again, forwards and backwards.
- 4 Everything I possess, if you me can guess.
- 5 A coin and a plant, and a man of high rank.

XXVII.

"So oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in mirth it will steal from thee still."

- 1 "O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating."
- 2 "I saw him stand
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood."
- 3 "Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy."
- 4 "The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse and full of love;
They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain,
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain."

XXVIII.

"Beware! beware!
For who goes up that winding stair,
Can ne'er come down again."

- 1 This stream "shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow."

2 A king of Portugal.

3 "Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart."

XXIX.

"As this dark mould sends upwards, and out of its
very heart, the rare Persian rose,—so does my first
spring out of my second,—and the darker my second
the purer and brighter my first."

1 "Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore."

2 Now, while the way-worn cripple, faint—
Scarce can move his limbs so weary;—
Speeds o'er the main this northern saint,
To heal his pious votary.

3 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line."

4 "The traitor who hath dragg'd the majesty of mercy
into action."

XXX.

"No habitant of earth, thou art
An unseen seraph,—we believe in thee."
While my second—o'ershadowing the heart,
Destroyeth, as the Upas tree."

1 "While the heart rejoices
Let its rapture peal!"

2 "Light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir,
The flow'r she touched on, dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her."

3 "Sweet tenant of the shade."

- 4 "So day by day, she pass'd
 In either twilight, ghost-like, to and fro
 Gliding, and every day she tended him,
 And likewise many a night."

XXXI.

- "Silent and unstrung
 The minstrel harp is emblematic hung."
- 1 "Fancy's child
 Warbling his native wood-notes wild."
- 2 "Dark as winter was its flow."
- 3 A family celebrated in Italy during the middle ages.
- 4 "Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool—
 Or, with languid silence stand
 Midway in the watery pool."

XXXII.

- "On five low hills this city rose; no walls,
 No ramparts closed it round; its battlements
 And tow'rs of strength, were men, high-minded men."
 "Great source of art and science! whose immortal
 name
 Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame."
- 1 "Rise, rise—and lift thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have."
- 2 "Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Fond mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me."

3 "The *tree* for *nothing ill*."

4 They played me then a bitter prank :
 At length I play'd them one as frank ;
 For time at length sets all things even—
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
 Which could evade, if unforgiven,
 The patient search and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong."

5 Who trained "King Arthur up in virtuous lore?"

6 " ' Now perish, Troy ! ' he said,
 And rush'd to fight——"

XXXIII.

"Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
 Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?"

1 Eternal monument of many a vanish'd name.

2 Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly
 fame.

3 Dying—still watched the casement of his beloved
 dame.

XXXIV.

"From leaf to leaf, conduct the virgin light,
 Star of the earth, and diamond of the night."

1 A pleasant sensation, a sign of health and happiness.

2 A well-known Pontiff.

3 A land, rich in rare and beautiful productions.

4 One of the Annelidæ.

XXXV.

“Stitch—stitch—stitch.
Seam—gusset and band,
Band, gusset and seam.”

- 1 A very useful mineral.
- 2 A place most dear to English hearts.
- 3 The other side of anything.
- 4 A precious stone.
- 5 A tool.
- 6 What I fear you must be, if you fail to guess this.

XXXVI.

“Bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo thro’ the corridors of
time.”

- 1 “The earth withheld her fruits, my fields grew bare,
Till one vast desert frown’d throughout the year.”
- 2 “That olde man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glass.”
- 3 “To whom the double blessing did belong
With Moses’ inspiration, Aaron’s tongue.”
- 4 “Aërial forms in this most classic vale
Glance thro’ the gloom, and whisper in the gale.”
- 5 “The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon.”

XXXVII.

A stately building, and the artist who adorned it.

- 1 “His brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned).”

- 2 "With mery note, her loved salutes the mounting
larke."
- 3 "Unfold your cup in splendour, speak !
Who deck'd you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems ?"
- 4 "Hark ! from yon stately ranks, what laughter
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee."
- 5 "Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main."
"I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size."
- 7 "When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others was born with her face ;
Or when angry, for e'en in the tranquietest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes ;
The short, passing anger, but seemed to awaken
New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when
shaken."

XXXVIII.

- "Ships in thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his—
He counted them at break of day,
But when the sun set, where were they ?"
- 1 What greater blessing can we crave, than this ?
- 2 One, who of old, alas ! did much amiss.
- 3 "A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will shiver ;
And by thy banks will hum the bee
For ever and for ever."

- 8 "A sunbeam thro' the narrow lattice fell
Upon the snowy neck, and long dark hair,—
As stooped the gentle head in meek devotion there."
- 9 "O hallowed mount in Moab's land!"
- 10 Joy, joy for ever! my nephew is born!
But my coat-sleeves henceforward, how tattered
and torn!

XL.

- "Woods, hills and rivers, now are desolate,
Since he is gone, the which did all them grace.
And all the fields do wail their widow'd state
Since death their fairest flower did late deface.
The fairest flower in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel that was, we all may rue."
- 1 "Now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurlèd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide."
- 2 "I see—I see, a dark-eyed girl of Paradise,
And she waves a handkerchief—a kerchief of green."
- 3 "There in their stormy, cold, and midnight cell
The cheerless fishermen with stupor dwell,
Wrapt in their fur, they slumber life away—
And mimic with their lamps the light of day."
- 4 "The needy villains' general home,
The common shore of Paris and of Rome."
- 5 "To the foot
Treacherous and false, it smiles, and it is cold."

- 6 "When in thy wide career the world around,
 Thy brow three triumphs with their laurels bound;
 Who could believe that, for thy funeral pyre,
 A shattered wreck would yield its smould'ring fire!"

XLI.

"*Her* numbers drew an angel down,
His raised a soul from hell."

- 1 "The memorial keepeth
 Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves."
 2 "Darkly grand
 Grasp'd the globe with iron hand."
 3 See the flower with "velvet head
 That bends not 'neath Sabrina's tread."
 4 "Tameless, frank and free!
 In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
 Rough nature's children, humorous as she."
 5 "Is it a sea? oh! no—'tis steadier far!
 Is it a land? oh! no,—too fast 'tis driven!
 It is, beneath its guiding, heavenly star,
 An island floating towards the coast of heaven."
 6 An engagement, shortly expressed, but binding.
 7 "Even now—
 Upon his future task intent,
 His creed rehearsing to the roar
 Of billows, by the lonely shore."

XLII.

A town, and a river on whose bank it stands.

- 1 A juvenile member of the game family.

- 2 Be careful how you keep it, or you might break it.
- 3 An African pond.
- 4 The painful in the pleasant, and the pleasant painful,—why?
From this I wake to smile ;—from that to sigh.
- 5 "I'm alone."
- 6 Beware, villain !—I await thee.

XLIII.

- "Then up arose the Arab Sheikh, and sternly wav'd
his hand.
' Shall any Christian dog presume to touch our sacred
land?
Do Franks presume to think they'll see our noble
city's walls?
No,—let him put that spade away, or else look out
for squalls! "
- 1 "By night we linger'd,
For underneath the herb was dry."
 - 2 "Mystical fish of the seas, dread queen whom Ethiops
honour."
 - 3 "Nine and twenty *stout* and tall
Waited duteous on them all."
 - 4 "Nodding o'er
The headlong steep, plunges in air ; and rolls
With one vast length of ruin to the vale."
 - 5 City in a northern land
Famed for church and palace fair ;
And lake, on whose broad marge they stand,
Reflecting bright their image there.

- 6 "This vies in air
 With earth's chief structures, though their fame
 Sits on the firm-set ground,—and this, the clouds
 must claim."

XLIV.

An ornithologist,
 His well-known son.

- 1 A noble poem—Milton penn'd me.
 2 A proof that queens may also cooks be.
 3 A novel by Miss Muloch written.
 4 A crossing long;—the tyro smitten
 By passage cheap alone would try me.
 5 If wreath of fame, no wealth can buy me.
 6 Empress and bird from dizzy height
 The world beneath them view.
 7 The child—if she is Hariot dight
 Perhaps *thus* is called by you.

XLV.

- "Who was she,—the lady of the dead—
 Tomb'd in a palace,—was she chaste and fair?
 How liv'd, how lov'd, how died she?"
- 1 "Down dropt the breeze,—the sails dropt down—
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea."
- 2 "Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying."
- 3 "If solid happiness you prize
 Within your breast this jewel lies."

- 4 "Young Peri of the West!"
- 5 "He stood at his castle gate
A combing his milk white steed."
- 6 "Tribes of the wandering foot, and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!"
- 7 "Sole daughter of my house and heart."

XLVI.

"Once the flower of arms and wisdom's boast
By fatal love his manly senses lost."

- 1 A celebrated Russian family.
2 A celebrated cardinal.
3 A celebrated general.
4 The birthplace of a celebrated fisherman.
5 The modern name for the birthplace of a celebrated
sage.
6 A celebrated artificer—a native of Athens.
7 One of Shakespeare's most celebrated characters.

XLVII.

"In faith, lady, you have a merry heart!
She—Yea, my lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps
On the windy side of care."

He—"It is certain I am lov'd of all ladies—
Only you excepted."

- 1 "My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly
by,—
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark
and fiery eye!"

- 2 "Come, thou goddess, fair and free."
- 3 I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice;
The warmth it thence shall win
To riper life may magnetize
The baby *tree* within."
- 4 Thou "for ever wilt leave
But enough of the past, for the future to grieve
O'er that which has been, and o'er that which must
be."
- 5 I know him "by the locks that fly,—"
I know him "by the bright blue eye!"
- 6 A town in Spain, exports almond oil and wine.
- 7 "These wounds were fairly given.
I love an enemy,—I was born a soldier."
- 8 A Dutch painter.

XLVIII.

A small tale by a great author.

- 1 "By Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expired."
- 2 "He scorned his own who felt another's woe;
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or lac'd his moccasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung."
- 3 "Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence."

- 4 " Her silent footfall steals
 Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
 Those purer fires on high."

XLIX.

- " Regardless of her fate who saved his youth,
Winds bare away his promise and his truth."
- 1 " She was most gracious to my childish years,
 And made me free of her enchanted round :
Wherefore this dreaming scene she still endears,
 And plants her court upon a verdant mound,
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound."
- 2 " Thou tyrant of the throbbing breast."
- 3 Five we were, and very strict.
- 4 " Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide circle round."
- 5 She answered, " Yes, my lord, I know
Your wish, and would obey ;
But not to give you warning—that seems hard,
Almost beyond me ; yet I would obey."
- 6 " This serves to teach us man is dust ;
His life a fleeting shade."
- 7 " Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,
 Blooming in her bridal vest !
She hurls the torch, she fans the fire !
 To die is to be blest !"

L.

The champion of the emancipation of the human will.
The advocate of the abrogation of it.

- 1 " Her wandering *rivers*' rapid streams
Rival the honours of the Thames;
And bear on each returning tide
Whate'er by commerce is supplied ;—
Whate'er the winds can hurry o'er
From every clime and distant shore.
- 2 " The mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard at its outlet underneath, lock'd up
The horrible tower ; when, uttering not a word,
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not, so all stone I felt within."
- 3 " The towering pile, with soft abodes
Reared by the hands of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground."
- 4 " Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the *lady* that here lies;
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame, which never dies."
- 5 " An awful shadow,—but it addeth new glories to
the light."
- 6 The surname of an ancient,—the Christian name of
a modern printer.

LI.

Two animals between whom mutual friendship can
hardly be said to exist.

- 1 Found in water.
- 2 Found in the earth.
- 3 Found in Ancient History.

LII.

My first "foretold the spark of vital fire,
 The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
 My second was that philanthropic sage
 That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage."

- 1 "She decked her Amazonian charms
 In the refulgent glare of radiant arms."
- 2 "Isabel, my sweet,
 Red whortleberries droop above my head,
 And a large flintstone weighs upon my feet."
- 3 "In days of old here towers were seen,
 The mournful refuge of an injured queen.
 Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears;
 Her blinded zeal sustained her sinking years;
 Yet freedom hence, her radiant banner waved,
 And love revenged a realm by priests enslaved."
- 4 "Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks."
- 5 "Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire."

LIII.

"The Roman Pontiff, swelling high
 In his imperial pride,
 Boasts that upon my *second* rests
 His power and empire wide.

But we have quench'd in purer streams
 Of Christian truth, our thirst:
 And well we know that all his claims
 Can but be called my *first*.

My *whole*—fair plant, how bright thy love !
 How green thy leaves would be
 Had not that haughty pontiff laid
 His withering hand on thee !”

- 1 “ Of the times that are to come
 What he darkly can forebode
 His giant voice oft warns aloud.”
- 2 “ Alone, along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high.”
- 3 “ One of those
 Who dealt upon the seven-hilled city’s pride.”
- 4 “ His black cowl and weeds bespeak a life
 Devoted to austere observance.”

LIV.

“ O what is my first ? ”
 Said Nisrock. “ Perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overthrows
 All patience.”
 But then comes in my gentle second,
 Under whose soothing influence I sink to rest,
 “ Filled through and through with love, and happy
 sleep.”

- 1 “ The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell
 To walk with taper dim the winding aisle.”
- 2 “ What it seem’d her tongue denied,
 Her looks with softer eloquence supplied,
 While outward smiles conceal’d with fraudulent art
 The mighty mischief lurking in her heart.”
- 3 “ The wandering nation of a summer’s day.”

- 4 "Founts vainly sought, which always lie conceal'd,
The hidden head to none was e'er reveal'd;
Their copious floods without a witness rise,
Their birth acknowledg'd under other skies."

LV.

The balm for every mortal ill.
"In the lowest deep, a deeper still."

- 1 "The road that way is lined with anxious eyes,
And false announcements, and fresh laughters rise.
And who shall tell the drive there, and the din?
The bells, the drums, the *throng* yet squeezing in."
- 2 "Within whose distant nook
Fell, half abandoned, earth-exploring Cook."
- 3 "Eager and loud, from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears."
- 4 "She wreathes a garland, fair to see."
Beware!
What is it she weaves for thee?
- 5 "The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not that steed my own? Oh, yes, 'tis mine!
But never was she turned from battle-line."
- 6 "While the tree
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
E'en for thy tomb a garland let it be."
- 7 "Dewdrop, formed of hope and anguish,
Love himself hath sent thee here."

LVI.

Starry.

- 1 "That lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er."
- 2 "Salt seasons dainties; and my food is still
The humblest root; my drink, the simplest rill."
- 3 "The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter."
- 4 Once prosperous town on noble river—
By Suwarrow stormed, laid low for ever.
- 5 "Its holy flame for ever burneth:
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth."
- 6 "On a rock of the ocean, *that lady* did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream."
- 7 "My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep."

LVII.

"Well are ye matched in your opening hour."

- 1 "O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!"
- 2 "He wonneth in the land of Fayërie;
Yet is no fary borne, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall."
- 3 "I follow my master to serve my turn upon him."

- 4 Still in the violet's shadow lying,
Concealed from Phæbus' searching glances.
- 5 " Yet amid our joy and uproar,
Let us think of those that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep."
- 6 " In persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd."

LVIII.

- " Thus, thus, I mount upon thy back, and scour the
desert plains:
Away! who overtakes us now may claim thee for his
pains."
- 1 " In haste, from Carmel's summit hies,
And grateful rains his country fertilize."
- 2 " She raised her hands to heaven and blest her child;
Then bending forward, as he rose, embraced
And claspt him to her heart, and cried, 'Once more,
Theodoïred, with pride behold thy son!'"
- 3 "How meek soe'er he seem,
No keener hunter after glory breathes;
He loves it in his knights more than himself."
- 4 " Princely counsel in his face yet shone;
Majestic, though in ruin."

LIX.

The secrets of my *first* were veiled in night;
My *second* came, and there was light.

- 1 "Farewell to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose, and o'ershadowed the earth with her name;
She abandons me now, but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame."
- 2 "Distracted with surprise, she seemed to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye."
- 3 "Once a stream,
I'll make thee slide into a stream again."
- 4 How many soever my allies, and how diverse soever
their character, you will always find *me* on the
right side.
- 5 "Alas! I do confess I am made of mischiefs,
Begot with all men's miseries upon me."
- 6 "Saddening thro' pleasure's beam,
Brightening thro' sorrow's stream,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise."

LX.

A monster of old—my *second*.
The man who caused its death—my *first*.

- 1 "A juster lord
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword."
- 2 "A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time and place, are lost."
- 3 Noble flood in desert land
Where pines the banish'd lord.

4 "Rapidly, as comets run
 To the embraces of the sun,—
 Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung, by night, from angel-hands
 At those dark and daring sprites
 Who would climb the empyreal heights—
 Down the blue vault the *spirit* flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung, hovering, o'er our earth's expanse."

5 "That furious beast
 His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releas'd,
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

6 "Whose formidable floods
 Glide thro' the shades, and bind attesting gods."

LXI.

"In the cavern concealed—
 Still mantles unseen, in its secret recess,
 At length in a volume terrific reveal'd,
 No torrent can quench it,—no bounds can repress."

1 "Marked thus, e'en thus, on earth,—
 By the closing of one hope's delight,
 And another's gentle birth."

2 "How should England, dreaming of *thy* sons,
 Hope more for them, than some inheritance
 Of such a life,—a heart, a mind as thine,
 Thou noble father of her kings to be."

3 "A wreath of this do heralds wear,
 Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
 Offensive war proclaimed."

4 All "Europe quak'd beneath the scourge of God."

LXII.

Emblems of life and death.

- 1 "Sufferer and patriot, saint and heroine !
The servant and the chosen of the Lord !"
- 2 "Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall ;
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !"
- 3 "Impatient of his absence,
And grief that young Octavio with Mark Anthony
Had made themselves so strong, she fell distract—
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire."
- 4 "If e'er ye rushed in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow !
Your common triumph, and your common woe."
- 5 "A light wind chas'd her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild ;
As close as might be, would he cling
About the darling child."
- 6 "Low in a hollow cave
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypright,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his baleful notes, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearfull fowle."
- 7 "Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the
turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime."
- 8 "Full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of grace, let it ring from thy soul.'

LXIII.

"Who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?"

- 1 One of seven.
- 2 One of the patriarchs.
- 3 One of the constellations.
- 4 One of the insect tribe.
- 5 One of Tasso's heroes.
- 6 One of twelve.

LXIV.

"To punish her falsehood and pride,
His ghost at her bridal appeared at her side;
Taxed her with perjury—claimed her as bride,
And bore her away to the grave."

- 1 "Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom,
Yet in thy heart, what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows—as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume."
- 2 "Weave the warp, and weave the woof."
- 3 "In his pride
Rolls to the main no tribute tide;
But 'gainst proud ocean urges far
A rival sea of roaring war."
- 4 "Not thy councils, not thy kaisers, win for thee the
world's regard,
But thy painter—Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs,
thy cobbler bard."
- 5 "She, when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night."
- 6 "It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or, like a cradled creature lies."

LXV.

A warlike people and their sovereign.

- 1 " The link
 Thou form'dst in Tasso's fortunes, bids us think
 Of thy poor malice,—naming thee with scorn."
- 2 " One of that saintly, murderous brood,
 To carnage and the koran given,
 Who think thro' unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven."
- 3 " He cheer'd the band, and wav'd the sword,
 A traitor in a turban'd horde."
- 4 " The sun's perpendicular rays
 Illumine the depths of the sea."
- 5 " ——— Parent of heroic games,
 Queen of prophetic truth, beneath whose dome
 The augur seeks, amidst aspiring flames,
 The will of Jove in great events to come,
 If he ordains what champion on the sportive plain
 Shall virtue's height and honoured rest attain."
- 6 " She declines
 The garish noontide's blazing light;
 But, when the evening-crescent shines,
 Gives all her sweetness to the night."
- 7 " His sword hung gleaming by his side;
 And, on his arm, the lion's hide
 Scattered across the midnight air
 The golden radiance of its hair."
- 8 " To both
 Sworn faithful—faithless found!—to Henry now,
 And now to Edward, join'd his potent arms."
- 9 " He, who with peculiar fate,
 Prov'd a barbarous mother's hate."

LXVI.

A monarch and favourite.

- 1 A palace.
- 2 A tree.
- 3 A town and fortress on the Danube.
- 4 A belt.
- 5 A flower.
- 6 A general.
- 7 A quadruped.
- 8 A seat.
- 9 An expectant.

LXVII.

"Sickness is catching—oh, were favour so,
(Your words I catch) fair one, e'er I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody."

- 1 "Whose sportive pencil true to nature moved,
Taught while it trifled, pleased while it reprov'd."
- 2 "A venom'd viper bit her as she pass'd;
Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd her last."
- 3 "Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread."
- 4 "Perfidious king! when each conflicting guest
Was clasp'd with closest fervour to thy breast,
The hellish mandate to thy slaves was given
That mock'd th' insulted majesty of heaven."
- 5 "To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, I beseech ye!"
- 6 "My crimson wounds, not words, must tell
My deep and constant love:
Husband, there is no throb of pain
In dying thus for thee!"

LXVIII.

My *first* full of mystery, danger, and light;
O save me from hearing my *second* at night!

My *whole*

"Familiar with the waves, and free
As if their own white foam were he."

- 1 "Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?"
- 2 I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
- 3 "Heard ye the *weapon* hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon-monster's deathful cry?"

LXIX.

Of my *first*, it may be said,
'Tis often on my *second* laid.

- 1 The bank has fail'd: I fear you'll suffer *me*.
- 2 Elizabethan is my pedigree.
- 3 Early translator—knew the martyr's flame.
- 4 Todd Vaughan, in haste, thus often signs his name.
- 5 Backwards or forwards I alike am read.
- 6 By this, how good soe'er his sight, or clear his head.

LXX.

An author and his charming book.

- 1 One who "loves his poverty."
- 2 With lips and finger signals made of silence.
- 3 "Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
bones."

- 4 False Napoleon deserved a beating here.
 5 "Checked for a while the Median tyrant's pride."
 6 "Farewell!" said the prince—"Count, without a head."
 7 Let the winds howl on.
 8 "A false sorceresse
 Who many errant knights hath brought to
 wretchedness."
 9 "Quietly shining to the quiet moon."
 10 A brave British prince.
 11 One of three fair sisters.
 12 We know his rank "by his garb of green."
 13 "O dark Beth-Peor's hill!"
 14 "Her figure swells to more than mortal size—
 The god! the god! *she raptured* cries."

LXXI.

My *second* "now, in its shelly prow
 As over the deep it strays,
 Still seems to seek, in bay and creek
 Its companion of other days."

- 1 This "doth men drive
 To sad decay, that might contented live."
 2 Thy Druid rites awake the dead:
 Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
 E'en whisper to the idle air."
 3 "Honour to *him* over whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's
 lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom;
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled to
 resume."
 4 One who his home for ever left,
 "Of friends, of hope, of all bereft."

- 5 An honoured widow, of whom we read in holy writ.
- 6 One of the angels; his name meaning,
"The Discovery of God."
- 7 One of Julius Cæsar's last words.
- 8 "By fancy seen
Stealing away with night
To slumber in their leafy screen."

LXXII.

A town and river.

- 1 A favoured inmate of many families.
- 2 The people's wisdom, in the people's words.
- 3 A celebrated modern *tragédienne*.
- 4 The first step you take towards discovering this.
- 5 Which you must be, if you do so—*i.e.* discover this;
and what, I fear, you will not be, if you fail.

LXXIII.

The initials give the name of one
Dowered with gifts of genius rare;
His writings the delight of all
Who the poetic feeling share.

- 1 "To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak."
- 2 "She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade
Sloped downward."

- 3 Title of one of Shakespeare's plays,
In Roman letters written.
- 4 "I am a-weary, give me leave awhile;
Fye, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!"
- 5 "A chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel, with a broken cross
That stood on a dark strait of barren land."
- 6 The mountain range dividing continents.
- 7 The mother's hope, who deemed the battle won—
"Why tarry thus the wheels which bear my son?"
- 8 "Courageous Richmond! well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here this long-usurp'd royalty:
. . . Enjoy it and make much of it."
- 9 "Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he?"
- 10 "The *river* would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod."

LXXIV.

In the page you read you may see my face,
I'm before you in ledger or bill;
I stand unmoved on a solid base,
Or advance at the officer's will.

The finest of classical works in me
May be found in the British Museum;
I am also seen on an Irishman's back,
Pray notice, if ever you see 'em.

- 1 I am the thing that makes good cows,
 You may see me in yonder field ;
 And if of me you lost the use
 In a chair you'd have to be wheeled.
- 2 Peer and page alike from their
 Superiors, receive my *second* :
 To the first 'tis a gift of value rare ;
 By the latter a bore it is reckoned.
- 3 Volcanic islands in the sea,
 My *third* ; you'll find them in the map.
- 4 The noon-day sun is burning me,
 I'll seek my *fourth*,—or, if by hap
 You have taken it, we had better try
 To make it up ; or else good-bye !
- 5 The prophet might not choose a shorter name.
- 6 If you *will* leave the straight high road—
 Sure *I* must be to blame.

LXXV.

“ When all the glens are drown'd in azure gloom
 Of thunder shower,
Thou breakest forth,—and thy smile's repaid
 From hill and bower
 In sevenfold glory ! What is like thee
 Hope of the wilderness—joy of the sea !
 Still young and fine !
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
 Forms turn to music,—clouds to smiles and air.”

- 1 One of four.
- 2 One of nine.

- 3 One of twelve.
- 4 Surname of one of six.
- 5 One of eight.
- 6 One of three.
- 7 *One* of whom we often speak, to whom we defer, for
whom we prepare ; yet, after all, he never comes.

LXXVI.

Down with rosemary and bays !
Down with the mistletoe !
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box for shew.

- 1 The young Irish name
For the old Irish tongue.
- 2 "She rends her tresses, venerably grey,
And casts far off the royal veils away."
- 3 "Each St. Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell."
- 4 "Tho' heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot ;
And unhallow'd they lie in the crossways of fame."
- 5 "Poor little, pretty fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together ?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing
To take thy flight thou knowest not whither ?"
- 6 "Unhonour'd by thy country, brave *commander*,
Beneath a humble tomb thy bones are laid."
- 7 "God and the Prophet ! Alla hu !
Up to the skies with that wild halloo !"

- 8 "Aside she starts, the wonder to behold,
And eager stoops to catch the rolling gold."

"Let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song 'tis death to hear!"

LXXVII.

Death to the one is life to the other.

- 1 I'm a name which confers no praise on its holder.
2 I'm a river which courses from cold unto colder.
3 I've often made sailors feel bolder and bolder.
4 The sight of me gratifies every beholder.

LXXVIII.

They measured tracts unknown to other ships,
Amidst the mighty monsters of the deep.

- 1 "The Muse's handmaid proved
To deck her charms, and make her more beloved."
- 2 "The temple rocks, the laurel waves,
Her figure swells, she foams, she raves."
- 3 "Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls—
It fires the mountains."
- 4 "Thou fair and lovely sprite!
How hast thou sung my cares away!"
- 5 "Triumphant
With the sword of fire that drove
Headlong out of heaven, aghast,
The evil angels."

- 6 "He seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow."
- 7 "Alone she stood
In the Iceland summer night;
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
From a dark rock's beetling height."
- 8 "Wer ist der grämlich, finstre Greis
Mit dem trübgelben Stern?"

LXXIX.

- "Doth niggard Earth her treasures hide,
To all but toiling hands, denied—
Lavish of thorns and worthless weeds alone!"
"There is confusion worse than death;
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain."
"But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly,)
To slumber after toil!"
- 1 "Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave."
- 2 "'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet—
The pain without the peace of death."
- 3 "The humble bee
Doth breakfast, dine, and most divinely sup
With every flower but this—
On whose proud bosom he will never go,
But passes by with scarcely 'How d'ye do.'"
- 4 Crusader fierce, "whose valour won the shield
That bears a child and serpent on its field."

- 5 "Prudent chief
And much-enduring man."
- 6 "He hath thrown by his helmet and cross-handled
sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord."

LXXX.

- A beauteous maid who, as the story goes,
In fleeing, suffer'd marvellous transformation—
Her floral namesake, bright-hued as the rose,
And fragrant as the spice-breath'd clove-carnation.
- 1 The forger, whose most sternly forfeit life
Peer and philosopher vainly strove to gain.
- 2 A royal beauty, mother, and true wife.
- 3 'Gainst whom my *third* has tried its wiles in vain.
- 4 The cry that rises on her passing way.
- 5 As once on *his*, my *fifth*, who made fam'd use
- 6 Of having lost my *sixth*: now who can say
My *whole*?—or beauty's palm to them refuse?

LXXXI.

An author, and a tale he told.

- 1 "Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and thro' the forests go,
And tell in burning words thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow."
- 2 "When thro' the streets she gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder and the public love,)

The tongues of all with transport sound her praise—
The eyes of all as on a goddess gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast
To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress'd;
In virtue rich, in blessing others, blest."

- 3 "The white foam dashes high—away, away!
Shroud my green *home* no more, thou blinding
spray!
It is there!—down the mountains I see the sweep
Of the chestnut-forests, the rich and deep,
With the scent and the glory of the flowers that
they bear,
Floating upborne on the blue summer air."

- 4 "Let her go on—let the fair dame preserve
Her sex's privilege."

- 5 "And now (her mail unbrac'd) the royal maid
In rustic weeds her graceful limbs array'd,
But in her courtly look and beauteous mien
Appear'd no tenant of the sylvan scene.
Oft when beneath some shady grove's retreat
The flocks are shelter'd from meridian heat,
On the smooth beechen-rind the pensive dame
Carves in a thousand forms her *lover's* name.
Thus to the senseless trunks her pains she told,
While down her cheek the copious sorrows flow'd."

- 6 "He who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence."

- 7 "The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run."

- 8 "How the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs!"

- 9 "A gem of beauty rare."
 10 "Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace."
 11 "In her dusky car,
 Comes slowly on to meet the evening star."

LXXXII.

- "Oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost."
- 1 "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
 On such a full sea are we now afloat."
- 2 "His fragrant locks distil ambrosial dews,
 Drop gladness down, and blooming health diffuse."
- 3 "Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
 Hence with the rack and reeking wheel!"
- 4 "Language in the mouths of the adult,—
 Witness its insignificant result,—
 Too often proves an implement of play,
 A toy to sport with and pass time away."
- 5 "Lavish wit and humour gay
 Crown sarcastic Butler's lay."

LXXXIII.

- "That oracle to man in mercy given,
 Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven."

Who over sands and seas directs the stray,
 And as with God's own finger points the way.
 "Rocked amid the shrouds, or on
 The sunny deck reclined."

- 1 "Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread."
- 2 "Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
 Foaming from cliff to cliff, he whirls along;"—
- 3 "When thou shalt wake indeed,
 Her absent care to need :
 Look then with faith and hope on high
 Towards a heavenly Father's eye."
- 4 "As if in mockery, nature seems to dress
 In all her charms the beauteous wilderness,
 And bids her gayest flowerets twine and bloom
 In sweet profusion o'er a city's tomb."
- 5 "A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
 A ripe sheaf bound her hair."
- 6 "How may this virtue's praises best be told ?
 To speak is silver—to hold peace, is gold."
- 7 "All the gods are ravished with delight
 Of his celestial song, and musick's wondrous might."

LXXXIV.

Triple Acrostic.

Fashionable manias.

- 1 "Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace,
 Throws out the snowdrop and the——first."
- 2 "Strange ship, upon a marvellous sea,
 Without or helm or compass driven, * *
 And sweeter than thy *haven* wild
 Upon the purple mountains lying."

- 3 In prose let Mr. Barham tell
How most perversely I grew well.
- 4 "And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."
- 5 Sylvia (witness heaven that made her fair,)
Shews Julia but a swarthy——"
- 6 "Rameses, with the placid smile,
Grasping the shrieking captives by the hair."

LXXXV.

- 1 A summer bird, as man learns from his fate.
"They also serve who only stand and wait."
- 2 This bore his ship,—the mighty city's name
Which chides his daring, yet exalts his fame.
- 1 Man hustles man, where once gay courtiers play'd.
2 A part in music, high, yet second made.
3 What's done is done, least said the soonest mended.
4 Delightful sound, success my aim attended.
5 As Mr. Smith a king his country fled.
6 'Tis very hot! the sun's right over head.

LXXXVI.

- 1 She who once held the glorious East in fee,
2 Now, youthful prince, is held in thrall by thee.
- 1 In medical prescriptions eight's oft written thus.
2 Vain egotist! from me thy name's derived.
3 White are thy sails, oh fragile——
4 Beautiful Empress who vile crimes survived.
5 Of wine or pleasure, fill me sparingly.
6 Else all too soon shall I be writ of thee.

LXXXVII.

"There is a flower
 That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,
 And the first moment that the sun may shine,
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!"

"Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretch'd in never-ending line
 Along the margin of the bay;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

- 1 Collecting, are you? well I'll fill a square.
- 2 Splendid Sonata, sometimes known as me.
- 3 This, half a quartern? then your measure's fair.
- 4 Further! lest hidden danger there should be.
- 5 Said by itself, refusal curt and rough.
- 6 Instead of words show me but one of these.
- 7 A single vowel that's for both enough.
- 8 I'm nothing, turn and twist me as you please.
- 9 To these you always should respectful be.

LXXXVIII.

Modern explorers: one Scotch, one Irish.

- 1 "Where womanhood and childhood meet."
- 2 Re-former of a famous French retreat.
- 3 The name of Thackeray's pantomimic king.
- 4 The arch on which, oh high-born maid, you
 spring!
- 5 Old air with variations to "Content."
- 6 Above my *sixth*, in ease and ornament.

- 7 My *seventh* seeks in Southern climes relief.
- 8 Nature abhors me, may my reign be brief!
- 9 A measure long, which would-be poet tries.
- 10 Much in a little space my *tenth* supplies.
- 11 Songs sweet and sad, Italian, thou didst write.
- 12 Such sing'st not thou in death, oh *avis* white!
- 13 A gift to be increased by daily use.
- 14 A volume small, and either bound or loose.
- 15 Slumber-inducing weed, a fruitful cause of ill.
- 16 Perchance in North America you'll find and shoot
me still.

LXXXIX.

"Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound,
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there;
 Now glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire."

- 1 In olden times, how full of jollity
Was I, when members were returned for me.
- 2 Oh, seldom-flowering plant, thou view'st the blight
Reform has caused me since you last did bloom.
- 3 E'en when French duke was stabbed one Sunday
night,
Times still were golden,—now in dismal tomb,
- 4 For many a fourth has laid my worth,
And glories vanished quite.

XC.

"His sword was in its sheath."

"As ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

- 1 If little less than kinn'd, still more than kind.
- 2 Maunder! in thee at least this name they'll find.
- 3 What beauteous lines did Cowper write to thee!
- 4 Hewn out of rock, a rocky city see.
- 5 A Saxon name, of late the fashion grown.
- 6 His steady steed cannot the lad have thrown.
- 7 At whist, some players rather like this game.
- 8 Quis? my *eighth* cries, greedy, right or wrong the
same.
- 9 Yet he is scarce my *ninth*. Pray find a rope,
- 10 Rather than steal my name, and with it hope.
- 11 When o'er re-lighted hearth you grateful cower,
Me in two forms the cruel flames devour.

XCI.

"Let both divide the crown:
He rose a martyr to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

- 1 O music! sphere-descended maid.
- 2 These are his deeds! Then best unsaid.
- 3 They pounce upon each error small.
- 4 Add six feet to me, and you are tall.
- 5 A prince now holds me for a queen.
- 6 A style of building often seen
In England, though of foreign birth.
- 7 Spring flower, thus prized beyond its worth.

XCH.

Fair women! guiltless victims ye of others' weaknesses,
 of others' sins;
 Each steadfast 'mid the direst shame and woe, her palm
 of victory wins.

- 1 A power oft misused, still little understood.
- 2 An old king's favourite daughter, fair and young,
 as good.
- 3 In churches quaint my galleries still remain.
- 4 Oh, land of endless partings, full of pain.
- 5 Where I am not, to yield my grateful shade.
- 6 For me imported, dearly hast thou paid.
- 7 All own me, some have three or four or more.
- 8 A hero so oft named, he's quite a bore.
- 9 Cat's-paw was I, yet patriot meant to be.
- 10 Egyptian tenth, they long to cut through thee.
- 11 Marvel of nature, men travel miles to view.
- 12 Pronounced *sans* "H" by some, if not by you.
- 13 A county in a neighbouring isle, racy its talk and
 free.
- 14 A peace where natural enemies met in feigned
 unity.
- 15 A Hebrew name, yet borne alike by English queen
 and maid;
 You guess it? Then one victim's name you've also
 guessed or said.

XCIII.

My *first* and *second* often found
 In offices like dens,
 "Scrabbling o'er the sheets of parchment
 Wi' weary, weary pens."

- 1 What my *first* is fond of chopping.
- 2 The frog is one that moves by hopping.
- 3 Little word for trouble sore.
- 4 Divide me into twelve and four.
- 5 In the British Museum my bones may be seen.
- 6 Of these but too many adorèd have been.

XCIV.

My *first*, whene'er tried, is found wanting,
 While my *second* has ever stood fast,
 Mankind of my first disenchanting :
 God grant that my second may last !

- 1 " I come to know of thee,
 If for thy—— thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assurèd overthrow."
- 2 " Sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thine airy shell."
- 3 " It is silent, yet eloquence has at command,
 'Tis the statesman's assistant, the pride of each land."
- 4 " Alas ! I am simple and lowly bred ;
 I am poor, distracted, and forlorn ;
 And it is not well that you of the court
 Should mock me thus, and make a sport
 Of a joyless mother, whose child is dead."
- 5 " Bred to war,
 He knew the battle's din afar,
 And joy'd to hear it swell.
 His peaceful day was slothful ease,
 Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please
 Like the loud slogan yell."

- 6 “ ‘ On, boys! every hand to ’t!
 Brother Germans, nobly stand to ’t!
 Charge them home for our old renown!
 Gallant prince! he spoke no more—he
 Fell in early youth and glory.”
- 7 “ Upon his tracèd soul bright visions stole—
 The light of calm and sunny days;
 The jubilee of love and praise,
 When faith should beam the costliest gem
 On sceptre and on diadem.”
- 8 “ It comes not in a shower,
 Heavy and loud, oppressing what it feeds;
 But like the dew, with soft, persuasive power,
 Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads.”

XCV.

A philosopher and his pupil.

- 1 An invader.
 2 One of Shakespeare’s characters.
 3 A high priest.
 4 An Eastern monarch.
 5 A mountain.
 6 An emperor.
 7 A river in England.
 8 Connecting link between fish and serpent.
 9 “Thou art no more, as thou hast been.”

XCVI.

“ Admire, exult, despise, lament, for here
 There is much matter for all feeling.”

- 1 “ He springs to where his followers yield, too hardly
 press’d by foes,
 The threat he vents with sparkling eyes, resistless
 well he knows—

' Was it to shrink in danger's hour ye o'er the Baltic
came ?

Come on ! or know I will not live to see my
soldiers' shame ! ' "

2 " Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace
Graven deep, in elder time,
Upon Helvellyn's cliff sublime :
Sign and vigil well doth he know,
And can bode of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars."

3 " Impassive, feeling but the shame of fear ;
A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear."

4 " Bells toll'd out their mighty peal
For the departed sinner's weal,
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose."

5 " Bear it meek, not proud ;
Patient, not repining."

XC VII.

" Courteous he was, modest and serviceable,
And serv'd before his father at the table."

" A worthy man
Who, from the hour in which he first began
To ride out, vow'd himself to chivalry,
Honour and truth, freedom and courtesie."

1 " He is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright
sphere."

- 2 "The love of all thy sons encompass thee;
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee;
The love of all thy people comfort thee."
- 3 "Spirit of Tell! and art thou doom'd to see
Thy mountains, that confess'd no other chains
Than what the wintry elements had forg'd—
That land subdued by slavery's basest slaves?"
- 4 "To Odin's self, in star-lit hall,
Her lineage rises; and the maid
King Bele's daughter is."
- 5 "I, too, have pass'd her on the hills,
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turn'd,
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,
A young and happy child."
- 6 "Faint not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal you win!"

XCVIII.

Varied in form, in size, in hue,
On breezy moor, or meadow low;—
Would you its use and history know,
My *second* ask—he'll tell you true.

- 1 A fairy I who junkets ate.
2 A custom—use.
3 A poet great.
4 A ship disrob'd.
5 A state of ease.
6 A bird of night
Whose notes may please.
7 A poem which is set to song.
8 A love of me may lead to wrong.

XCIX.

"There grew in Hilding's garden fair,
Two plants 'neath foster parents' care.
The North, before had never seen
Such lovely plants in valleys green.
One like an oak its strength uprear'd,
And as a lance its stem appear'd ;
The crown, that quiver'd in the storm,
Was rounded to a helmet's form :
The other grew like rose-bud bright,
When ended is the winter's night,
And Spring lies dreaming in the rose,
Till its sweet petals soft unclose."

- 1 "The rash boy,
 With womanish impatience to return,
 Hath ruin'd all by that detected letter ;
 A high crime, which I neither can deny
 Nor palliate, as parent or as duke."
- 2 "It befits us well, in weal and woe,
 Making gladness yet more fair—
 Grief has comfort, praying so."
- 3 "Ah! now I have a faint notion of it."
- 4 "Excitée au bruit des instrumens,
 Joint à des pas legers, de justes mouvemens."
- 5 "Unknown and little esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon."
- 6 To the trunk again,—and shut the spring of it.
 "Swift, swift, ye dragons of the night! that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear."

7 "Art thou fallen, oh Hero! in the midst of thy
course? the heart of the aged beats over
thee!—

When shall joy dwell at Selma? when shall grief
depart from Morven?"

8 "May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave!"

C.

I am visible and invisible, new and old, as you can see;
High and low; true and false to all the powers that
be.

My *second* lashes me through thick and thin,—
Or, may be, lifts me to the sky;
And thro' me every noble gift would win,
Or in the dust would gladly see me lie.

1 At me men strive in fierce and anxious fight,
Knight against bishop, bishop against knight.

2 I reflect every colour beneath the pure bright sky,
And crimes I widely spread, however black their
dye.

3 I rob the rich, I rob the poor,
I rob myself of heaven's rich store.

4 I am the place from which there often flow
Words of sweetest comfort, or of bitterest woe.

5 I enter'd my *first*, my *second* sprang from me;
I proved false to both; and now disgrac'd I be.

6 The huntsman and his steed rejoice to hear my
sound;
When anger guides me, I can slay or wound.

CL.

“Gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission! front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself!”

1 “Hail, king of Scotland!”

2 I see two husbands, or my eyes deceive me.”

3 The aged *chief*, in his secret hall, avoids the strength
of Colc-Ulla. He saw us few before him and
his sigh arose. “Fingal! thou art a beam of
light to ——’s darken’d soul; but strong are
the foes of Erin.”

4 “Can she not speak?”

“If speech be only in *accented sounds*
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden’s *mute* :
But her eyes,
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse
Tho’ it be mute and soundless.”

5 “Woe, woe to the Gaël people!

For *he* is on the main,
And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
On the coming ships of the Dane.”

6 “Here be berries for a queen!

Some be red and some be green;
Some be of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat.”

7 “Dames of ancient days

Have led their children thro’ the mirthful maze.
All, all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; they give, to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.”

CII.

We welcome these upon the breakfast table.

- 1 " A nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung."
- 2 "He knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes that o'er them shed tears feelingly and
fast."
- 3 "The star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshened air."
- 4 "Long will each alcove, each sculptur'd wall,
Fair visions of its earlier pride recall."
- 5 "The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor."

CIII.

- " *There* rolls the deep where stood the tree :
Oh, *land*, what changes thou hast seen !
Here, where the wide street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea."
- 1 "Those seas are dangerous, grey-beards swear,
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim."
 - 2 "Grateful Xerxes own'd her more than man."
 - 3 "Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays."

- 4 "And through ages, heirs of heirs,
A long posterity renown'd,
Sounded the horn which they alone could sound."
- 5 "Thou art a powerful Count, men own,
And thy knightly rule is in Switzerland known,
Six fair daughters around thee cluster;
May six crowns thro' them to thy house be allied;
And thro' ages to come shed lustre! . . .
When on the Emperor look'd the throng,
They knew the *Count* of the minstrel's song."

CIV.

"Thus, while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied;
Part o'er her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold;
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumined with a triple star;
Last, her fair feet celestial sandals grace,—
Radiant she issued, with majestic pace."

"How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town!
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!"

- 1 A province in Syria.
2 A place famed in Scripture.
3 A town in Italy.
4 An Egyptian deity.

CV.

"—— Your banner wears
Two emblems; one of fame—
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!"

- 1 "A chief, in wisdom equal to a god."
- 2 "Dead oaken leaves
Are plac'd without, and velvet moss within,
And little scraps of grass, and, scant and spare,
What hardly seem materials, down and hair."
- 3 "Chaste Diana
Stole me away unseen, and in my stead
A fitter victim gave, a sacred hind."
- 4 "Arbiter betwixt the day and night."
- 5 "His lonely kingdom forms
Amid the gathering clouds and sullen storms."
- 6 "At every step he took
His sides with unextinguish'd laughter shook;
He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar fears,
Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears."

CVI.

On Dartmoor, when the sun was low,
I wander'd in my *second*; slow
Lingering amid the scenes
Of beauty free on every hand,
And saw my *first* on distant Tor,
Whose granite, sparkling bright,
Was ting'd with hues of evening light.

- 1 Behold me in my wig and gown.
2 A Russian mountain chain well known.
3 A club which seeks to win renown.
4 A river, lives in poets' lay.
5 A town in Russia far away.
6 This was in ancient times, you'll say.

CVII.

"It becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown."

"Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,
And, lo! it visits man with beams of light and love."

1 "Scotland she claims, espouses France, and hopes for
England's crown."

2 Motto for the great and good.

3 As soldier, statesman, churchman, no man higher—
But Nature never formed thee to string the poet's
lyre.

4 "She, her jet-wing lov'd to lave,
Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave."

5 "When life goes a-maying
With Nature, hope, and poesie,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly will it flash along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar."

CVIII.

Egypt was the nursery of both.

1 "Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, undula—
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos."

2 "The virtuous mind ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion."

- 3 "Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs, and tearful eyes."
- 4 "Where plenty, rising from the reeking soil,
Bends with the load that asks no human toil;
And every charm luxuriant Nature brings,
Spontaneous from her teeming bosom springs."
- 5 "Blest offspring, happy maids, whose powerful art
Can banish cares, and ease the painful heart!"
- 6 "Well of English undefyl'd."
- 7 When 'em bad, omelet make,
When 'em good, boil 'em.

CIX.

"Ubique."

"Quo fas et gloria ducunt."

- 1 "This, he exclaimed, considering the oracle, is
doubtless the place where Cambyzes, son of
Cyrus, is doomed to die."
- 2 "Give me a man with plenty of nose."
- 3 "Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee."
- 4 "Herr Bruder, ich bin nicht
Von denen, die mit Worten tapfer sind
Und, Kommt zur That, das Weite schimpflich
suchen,
Der Herzog hat als Freund an mir gethan,
Ich bin ihm Alles schuldig."
- 5 "These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
 To search the secret treasours of the world.
 The wrinkles on my brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres,
 For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?"

6 "I curled and combed his comely head,
 He looked so grand when he was dead."

7 This "noble leader
 Made a vow in death to bleed, or
 Win the Emperor back Belgrade."

8 "And thou, although with some wild thoughts,
 Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
 Had'st this to boast of, thou did'st love
 The *liberty* of man!

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
 The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand—
 And all the oppressed who wanted strength,
 Had thine at their command!"

9 "Who can report of him,
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions and all brush of time,
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
 Repairs him with occasion."

CX.

Summit whence the view is seen :
 Hollow, deep, the hills between.

1 My *first* I sing,
 2 My *second* I twine;
 3 My *third* will shine;
 4 My *fourth* will cling
 To the metal line.

CXI.

"She stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and barèd limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold."

- 1 Shakespeare's sweetest maid.
- 2 Home of the *fairest* maid.
- 3 Name of a love-lorn maid.
- 4 Brother of the "lily maid."
- 5 Land of the loveliest maids.
- 6 Cadmus' fair daughter, classic maid.

CXII.

"For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work."

- 1 Name of a high-priest (spelt with a j l).
- 2 Wife of a sage, who scolded all day.
- 3 Bird of dark plumage.
- 4 Flower of the winds.
- 5 Nobly devoted to rulers and kings.
- 6 This is undying.
- 7 This ever warm.
- 8 This not underlying.
- 9 To be *this*, will keep you all calm.

CXIII.

"'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see ;

* * * *

But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh."

- 1 A king of yore, who did not right.

- 2 A thing that gives you warmth and light.
- 3 A college old, by Isis fair.
- 4 In "*this is truth*," so they declare,
Who were of Roman race.
- 5 My *fifth*, most necessary is
In perfect human face.

CXIV.

My *first* is slow and sure,
Bearing the treasures of the world ;
My *second*, swift and airy,
By winds and waves is hurled.

- 1 To both I give shelter and assistance,
And keep friend and foe at a proper distance.
- 2 I am a land hostile to the human race,
Where every savage beast finds kindred dwelling-
place.
- 3 I am the work of people gone---oh, long before !
I find a place in every antiquary's store.
- 4 I am a royal house—England's pride and glory—
Long may it be loved, in deed and story.
- 5 If you were as I am, and my mind was in you,
You would see and know, all I say is true.

CXV.

My *first* is used for protection and for state,
By the weak and helpless, the prudent and the great ;
To the learned and unlearned my *second* is oft lent,
To help them on the way to which their minds are
bent.

- 1 To range us well in sketch to take our proper part,
Shows a master skilful in this most graceful art.
- 2 The only word I found—a river in Brazil—
With the letters proper to satisfy my will.
- 3 To Italian climes and ways in fancy I resort,
And tread in dead men's steps to carry on my sport.
- 4 My *first* and *second* merit—the best I can command—
Which our gracious Queen bestows with free and
loving hand.
- 5 I am used to screen ill actions, and vows broken,
And can be drawn up, written, or out-spoken.

CXVI.

A tale of happy English life, that rings
As sweet and pure, as verse in which he sings.

- 1 Oh, take it away, 'tis the plague of my life!
- 2 The savage is cunning—don't lend him a knife.
- 3 In victory died, on God and good cause relying.
- 4 "Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying."
- 5 O for a game of croquet here!
I heard a fair one cry.
- 6 Bright as an emerald, it gleams
Beneath a southern sky.
- 7 Into a monstrous form was changed this man—
The gréat, proud, mighty king of Babylon.
- 8 See the red plume, like banner in the van,
To spoil and murder, ever hurrying on.
- 9 "Was a Syren of old, who lived under the sea."
- 10 Ever graving Tancred's name upon the friendly
tree.
- 11 "Set within it Hope's blue sapphire,
Many-changing opal-fears,
Blood-red ruby-stones of daring,
Mix'd with pearly tears."

- 12 Drug of soporific power.
- 13 Starved to death in Pisa's tower.
- 14 "The hollow oak my palace is,
My heritage the sea."
- 15 Her lord the goodliest of his sons,
The fairest of her daughters she.

CXVII.

My second in my first is often found.

- 1 The resource of the hurried, the lazy, the tired.
- 2 Faint music much admired.
- 3 A noun of multitude.
- 4 A treat for a pedestrian.
- 5 A Carthaginian swell.
- 6 Tired Nature's sweet restorer.

CXVIII.

Two in name
Yet the same.

- 1 A South Sea island.
- 2 A South Sea missionary.

CXIX.

Thy loved resort,
Oh, tired Londoner !

- 1 Strike up !
- 2 Come, prepare !
- 3 Of ages past.
- 4 He stands and puffs.
- 5 Thy horn of strength.
- 6 Is, was, and shall be.
- 7 Thine, if thou dost me wrong.

CXX.

When thou would'st build,
"Imperial mistress! thou did'st hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave."

"With strained timbrels for their goddess' sake
Their hands rude thunder make;
Their hollow cymbals round
And horns of threat'ning sound
Mingle hoarse notes."

- 2 This is a region wild and desolate—
"The white bear drifting on a field of ice
Howls to her sundered cubs, with piteous rage
And savage agony."
- 3 "As princely lions when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws and threatening herds of
beasts,
So in his armour looked *this conqueror*."
- 4 "Notes in silver softness blending,
Dew-like on the ear descending;
Or startling, as though the lightning's wing
Had dashed in thunder across thy string."
- 5 "Long had she filled each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair."
- 6 "How will he spur the vulgar throng
To deeds of violence and wrong."
- 7 "On the dewy ground
She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round,

Like a long silken stole ; she knelt, and pressed
Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast,
Drawing the poison forth."

8 "From the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep,
In slumber's holy balm our brows to steep."

9 "Tremulous at first, and low,
Hark, it louder seems to grow,
With continuous rolling sound,
Like thunder mutter'd from the ground."

CXXI.

A father and daughter.

1 "So called because the birds that cut the sky,
If o'er those places they but chance to fly,
By noxious steams oppressed, fall down and die."

2 Speed on!—the message must be sent;
Hasten, until thy steed is spent!

3 "Maidens to this queen of heaven
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm,
Or breathed their vows at even
In hymns as soft as balm."

4 "There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
But his veteran arm was full of might:
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay;
Still he combated unwounded,
Tho' retreating, unsurrounded."

5 "Soft and sweet are the sounds that then
Steal out from copse-wood, fold and glen;

Those mellow voices that commingle
 With the small brooklet's silver song,
 That dancing down o'er rock and shingle,
 Carols its happiness along."

- 6 Here the cave
 "Received the patriarch to his father's grave."
- 7 "The aerial flow of sound was known to him,
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
 Till the touched organ takes the message in."
- 8 Had Zimri peace who slew his master ?
- 9 "O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremembered years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now ;
 Nay, rather, as the west wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by,
 Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
 To leave her lovelier than before."

CXXII.

You and I.

- 1 Word for a lie.
 2 A sort of cry.
 3 Night is nigh.
 4 A long step try.
 5 North-west of Skye.

CXXIII.

"This little flower that loves the lea,
 May well my simple emblem be."

- 1 Potted.

- 2 Bottled.
- 3 Rolled.
- 4 And skinned alive.

CXXIV.

Under age.
Over age.

- 1 Right flowery 'tis.
- 2 Though cause of an ear-ache
- 3 Such long talk is.

CXXV.

"The fierce knight of Ellerslie."

- 1 Roll in the mud.
- 2 West Saxon law-giver.
- 3 Not up-hill nor down.
- 4 "Fought for Prince Charlie."
- 5 One of the Hebrides.
- 6 Your little game now.
- 7 Is mud-like, I vow.

CXXVI.

Hark! it's the cat.
In the land of Nod.

- 1 The fairie's midwife, I.
- 2 When day begins to die.
- 3 A knot for life we'll tie.

CXXVII.

First one; then two; then one.

- 1 For bitter ale;

- 2 O what a wail!
- 3 'Tis Roderick
- 4 Who gives the shriek.

CXXVIII.

"In Gaelic 'tis the changeling."

"A sainted man from sainted isle."

- 1 It's upstairs.
- 2 So keep it for my sake.
- 3 And don't bore me.
- 4 Roderick.
- 5 With that long —ism.
- 6 Mark you.
- 7 This time.

CXXIX.

To scandal broth I'm treated,
'Tis little, and soon heated.

- 1 O! what a merry go-round.
- 2 If a nymph sweetly vocal is found.
- 3 And hills not a foot high abound.

CXXX.

The moon does it half her days,
And nothing has busier ways.

- 1 If double you be.
- 2 Or two vowels you be.
- 3 Or ten times E.

CXXXI.

I'm to be queen of it.
Give me a drive in it.

- 1 What holds a pretty girl's hand without squeezing it.
- 2 Only a poor brute.
- 3 Once a year.

CXXXII.

Go in, and sing and pray.
Shun it, and turn away.

- 1 Snarling philosopher.
- 2 Give us a cheer.
- 3 Your throat do you fear ?
- 4 Care not at all ever.
- 5 Here is a remedy.
- 6 Able to cure.

CXXXIII.

Two heroines of the last century.

Diverse in birth, in training, and in life,
Each, high-soul'd maiden—never happy wife;
That did, *this* suffer'd; better borne than done,
In final fate, again, too truly one.

- 1 In Southey's poems my wild tale is read.
- 2 False goddess! whom frail Israel worshipped.
- 3 A god-send, she.
- 4 Life had not been so sweet
That he, the king, should dread a winding-sheet.
- 5 Old world diminutive for Mistress Milton's name.
- 6 His daughter Tasso lov'd beyond poetic fame.
- 7 Good German name—this spirit never fainted.
- 8 O! prince of knights, can thy fair name be tainted ?

- 9 An empress fair, with no fair name to lose.
- 10 A little child, within his hand a palm.
- 11 Forfeit his bond, yet proudly doth he choose
By it to stand—perchance despair lends calm.
- 12 Half of a name borne by a Christian queen
In Saxon times—first half alone I mean.
- 13 Fond wife! Idyllic heroine! sorely tried.
- 14 A Spanish saint, of heaven alone the bride.
- 15 Emperors of old, and kings, so oft did bear me,
That now in street and schools, you surely hear me.

CXXXIV.

Thy plump soft hands, all careful, oft play me,
Oh, happy-hearted child!
And men, once children, past midnight oft play me—
Cheeks haggard, eyes, hearts—wild!

- 1 Laburnums, villas, mays, in me abound.
- 2 Though close to heaven, I stood disconsolate.
- 3 Wherever man is, I, alas! am found.
- 4 A widow'd hero, drawn by writer great.
- 5 Italian novel, found in "Redcliffe's Heir."
- 6 Egyptian martyr's pure, sweet name in Greek.
- 7 Of cottage homely, of a palace, fair.
- 8 A recognition when one cannot speak.
- 9 "How great a Christian this wise man had made,
Had he but later liv'd," Erasmus said.

CXXXV.

- 1' A tree with flowers sweet.
- 2 In potteries most meet;
United, most ill-looking, and unsweet.

- 1 Emblem of brave and hardy race,

- 2 Italian story, told with matchless grace.
- 3 In France I'm honey; what more need I say?
- 4 Save that 'twas this maid's skiff shot from the bay.

CXXXVI.

- 1 Craz'd mother of most able son,
Born to high station, or he'd such have won.
- 2 Fond mother, praying through thy darling's sins
Until thy faith and love him also wins.
- 1 A kind of preserve or confection.
- 2 Great Handel is grandest in me.
- 3 Historian with strong predilection
For all that is good and Tory.
- 4 In Italian you here meet the manes
Of many a Roman old.
- 5 This draught, after hours of pain, is
More welcome than oceans of gold.
- 6 A last-given daughter was I,
The pet of my father, the king;
But liv'd not to hear his last sigh,
Or my wreath on his coffin to fling.

CXXXVII.

- His reverend hands bore the sweet branch of peace
'Mid fratricidal strife;
And though each leader bade all fighting cease,
Here yielded up his life.
- 1 With rosy cheeks, and hair all toss'd about her,
My little darling's lying.

- 2 Namesake of one—true heroine all thought her,
Who sav'd her prince from dying.
- 3 Fond name of honour, that she lisps 'mid kisses,
Her fingers boldly playing
With that moustache, that never honour misses.
- 4 E'en up this fam'd street straying.
- 5 These in my darling are most sweetly blue,
And, than my husband's, none more dear and true.

CXXXVIII.

“ Chez le sage, à cause de vous
Je ne serai point rebutée ;
A cause de moi, chez les fous
Vous ne serez point maltraitée.”

- 1 Still and cold.
- 2 Free and bold.
- 3 Dan ses écrits, *le vrai*
A toujours été le seul objet.
- 4 “ Flower of bravery.”
- 5 Haters of slavery.

CXXXIX.

Two Greek Islands.

- 1 “ O stern and wild.”
- 2 Rhexenor's child.
- 3 Ever grinding
Ever winding.
- 4 Archbishop of old.
- 5 In market still sold.

CXL.

My *first* cold and deceitful,
 My *second* a tiny globe of light ;
 My *whole* " with shy, averted smiles
 To fancy bodes a joyous year
 One of life's fairy isles."

- 1 " His pastoral music wild and gay,
 May charm his simple cares away."
- 2 " I marked her parted stream
 Like silver cross on Lybia's forehead gleam."
- 3 " So grown great, through arrogant delight
 Of the high descent whereof he was yborn,
 And thro' presumption of his matchless might,
 All other power and knighthood he did scorne."
- 4 " She added not, but waving as she wheel'd
 The silver *scourge*, it glittered o'er the field."

CXLI.

Devon and Cornwall give the names
 Of sources whence are brought
 The stone for two great public works,
 One past : and one unwrought.

- 1 What is not full—nor high,
 Nor true—nor deep.
- 2 Essays ; o'er which
 You either laugh or weep.
- 3 A measure—place for cattle—
 Part of a vessel's gear.

- 4 Resistless course of ocean's
Waters clear.
- 5 The earth or planet —
Or the mighty sun.
- 6 One who progresses : but not
By walk—or run.
- 7 A noted Tribune ;
By Lord Byron sung.
- 8 A banker who, with others,
Lately failed.
- 9 } Over my *ninth* my *tenth*
10 } Hover'd and sailed.

CXLII.

Triple Acrostic.

My *first* and my *third* lov'd my *second*,
And my *second* lov'd one.

- 1 A household article.
- 2 " With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part ;
And while she o'er his sick bed hung,
He paid her with his heart."
- 3 " The blooming virgin with despatchful cares,
Tunics and stoles, and robes imperial bears.
She seeks the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams ;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills."

- 4 "If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear."

CXLIII.

"Twins of winged race."

- 1 "Point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance
would."
2 "That to the fringed bank with myrtles crown'd,
Her crystal mirror holds."
3 "Yes! 'twas her deed! by that haughty smile
It was hers. She hath kindled her funeral pile;
Never might shame on that bright head be,
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free."
4 "On England's shore I saw him stand,
With sails unfurl'd, for earth's remotest strand;
Like a child when parting from his mother, shed
Tears for the home that could not yield him bread."
5 "Let him attend his charge, and careful trace
The right-lin'd furrow, gaze no more about;
But have his mind intent upon the work."

CXLIV.

"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
He 'gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had myselfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste where I was quite forgot."

The which to leave, thenceforth he counsel'd me,
 Unmeet for man in whom was aught regardfull,
 And wend with him his Cynthia to see,
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull."

- 1 " Seeking the bubble reputation
 E'en in the cannon's mouth."
- 2 " Whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts."
- 3 " By the vision led,
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah."
- 4 " To melting showers and everlasting snow
 Obvious she stands, her beauteous bosom wet
 With tears, that from her ever-streaming eyes
 Incessant flow."
- 5 " Where God pronounced His dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe."
- 6 " Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were shrunk, all but the wakeful nightingale."
- 7 " Modest worth was his." " A Briton's breast,
 That careful still of freedom's holy pledge,
 Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court ;
 Disdain'd,—and died."

CXLV.

" They, Ancestors of Nature,—held
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

- 1 The pirate's home.
- 2 A scourge of Rome.
- 3 Esteem'd a great pleasure
By students at leisure.
- 4 A bird,—but scarcely of the air.
- 5 Keep to the path ;—avoid his lair.

CXLVI.

“ O, were it mine to wander through
 The trackless firmament with you !
 And drop with you to genial rest,
 On some fair eastern mountain's breast ! ”
 Go to ! the Spirit with disdain
 Spurs off the body's cumbrous chain !
 O come ! one bright, bright smile to bring ;
 “ Just shake one dew-drop from thy wing ;
 Just strike one note from airy string,
 And then away ! away ! ”

- 1 Garment worn by a serjeant-at-law—
- 2 Whence came the serpent that Hercules saw.
To *see* was to slay, with this champion.
- 3 And *this* the last syllable of Lord Marmion.
- 4 Adventurer this of learned fame.
- 5 Renowned ghost of Fakenham.

CXLVII.

“ White-breasted as a star
 Fronting the dawn he mov'd ; a leopard-skin
 Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
 Cluster'd about his temples like a god's.”

“ What winning graces ! what majestic mien !
 She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen ! ”

- 1 “ All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between, till morning-watch.”

- 2 "Most divinely fair
Whose ivory shoulders weren cover'd all,
As with a robe, with her own silver hair,
And deck'd with pearls which the Indian seas for her
prepare."
- 3 "By Ephrath, 'neath a palm, her head was laid,
Much honour'd and rever'd."
- 4 "One who in Greece in days gone by
Upon the canvas Nature's beauties trac'd,
Who rais'd the mind to passions high—
Whose wit her age and country grac'd."
- 5 "Apollo bows, and from Mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore—
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in the immortal vest,
And, with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness and his form renews."

CXLVIII.

Triple Acrostic.

My first is found in my third, my third in my second.

- 1 "In Greece a sage did once maintain
That bodies die, but souls remain,
And, without any creature seeing,
Slip into some new kind of being;
Compell'd to gain a safe retreat
In the first lifeless form they meet."
- 2 At one time Ravenna was govern'd by me.

- 3 "Is not the soul torn by it—
From more than light, or life, or breath?"
- 4 "Behold,
Eastward, among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving!—seems another morn
Ris'n on mid ocean; some great behest from Heaven
To us, perhaps, he brings."
- 5 Painter of glorious corn-fields and hill-tops.

CXLIX.

Three powerful incentives.

- 1 May Britannia's ever wave
"Proudly o'er the good and brave."
- 2 He, like the Minstrel of the North,
"Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly
worth."
- 3 We cannot say this poet's name
Without expressing *wonder*.
- 4 Weak king, who in extremity
Made use of gold and treachery.

CL.

- "Beautiful they are, as fancy deems
The vision'd regions of her sweetest dreams;
Fair as the Moslem in his fervour paints
The promis'd valleys of his prophet's saints:
Bright as the brightness which the poet's eye
Flings o'er the long-lost bowers of Araby."
- 1 "He whose closing scene
Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,

When on Carlowitz' bloody plain
 The last, and mightiest of the slain,
 He sank, regretting not to die,
 But curst the Christian's victory."

- 2 "E'en to the dark dominions of the night,
 He took his way through forests void of light;
 And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
 Standing before th' inexorable king."
- 3 "'Twas his to trace the nobler end of art,
 And charm the eye subservient to the heart,
 To strike the chords of sentiment,—to trace
 The form of dignity—the flow of grace."
- 4 "The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both."
- 5 "They sprangen out against the sunny sheen,
 Some very red,—and some a glad light green."

CLI.

Mother and Son, these two, of doubtful fame.

- 1 From me an author wins both praise and blame.
- 2 The vengeance of Heré followed this dame.
- 3 Mount, then, young orator,—mount, and fear no
 shame.
- 4 Near the source of the Kat, you *may* find my name.
- 5 Plung'd headlong into Etna's breast of flame.

CLII.

Two celebrated lovers.

- 1 "The first-born poet rul'd the first-born man."
- 2 We hear thy voice, thy form we cannot trace.
- 3 What strength to weakness, proffers when he can.
- 4 Sages find charms in my sorrowful face.

- 5 "Posthumus' pure and peerless, priceless wife."
 6 "Fair *city* rising o'er the dark blue sea."
 7 Olde man who wag'd with Truth a bootless strife;
 And ever tryed to seeme what he mote never bee.

CLIII.

Forest-clad hill
 Whence Prophet watched for rain.
 The fruitful field,
 The flower-deck'd plain.

- 1 The "sightless seer,"
 Who prophesied in Rome.
 2 Mother of Jabal,
 Who made tents his home.
 3 Mother of heroes
 Fam'd in days of yore.
 4 An order fraught
 With life or death he bore.
 5 One of nine sisters:
 I must not tell you more.
 6 Beware, my sixth,
 Though royal, he may roar.

CLIV.

Three powerful passions.

- 1 A German savant—learn'd in eastern lore.
 2 A maiden desolate,—liv'd in days of yore.
 3 A learned name for animals, whose young
 Are born alive, and some of them "give tongue."
 4 A trial, you may make it if you will,
 To guess this riddle, if unsolved still.

CLV.

My first with my *second* fights, and gaynes
Most glorious victorie.

- 1 Faithful and fleet.
- 2 In high place he stands.
- 3 Craz'd—yet most sweet.
- 4 Come, let us join hands.
- 5 Soldier invincible, of Spain.
- 6 Plunderer, of Grecian fame.

CLVI.

My first often bound,
My second turns round ;
My whole
In libraries found.

- 1 To have two strings is always best.
- 2 A kind of corn grown in the West.
- 3 Wild ass found under tropic sun.
- 4 England, Scotland, Erin,—are one.

CLVII.

“Long shalt thou flourish !—bodying forth
Chivalric times, and long shall live around
Thy castle—the old oaks of British birth,—
But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
There's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renown'd
Would interdict thy name to be forgot.”

- 1 “Clear of hoof and clear of horn
Sharply pointed as a thorn.”
- 2 Depos'd the Emperor of Rome
And made fair Italy their home.

- 3 "Come to me from the ocean's dead!
By the vows we have pledg'd, appear!"
- 4 A travell'd chief who brought to Godfrey's aid
Experience sage no less than sword and spear.
- 5 Plunge not so madly into the sea;
Plato's Elysium may wait for thee.
- 6 In others' words her silence breaking
Is never heard but when another's speaking.
- 7 "Bearing amid the salt sea-foam
The freshness of her mountain home."

CLVIII.

Tears attend both.

- 1 "In tranc'd and mute attention held
The hero and the sage of eld."
- 2 "He answerèd full soft, 'he could not tell,—
'He could not tell;—ne ever other answer made."
- 3 "Sure she would bless
Her penitent child, and pour into his heart
Prayers and forgiveness, which like precious balm,
Would heal the wounded soul."
- 4 "Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?"
- 5 "And what the sighing Zephyr hither brings,
To wander in these Muse-belovèd dells——
It is to linger 'midst thy drooping bells,
While vain repentance in thine ear he sings."

"And, sweetest flower, methinks thou hast forgiven
 Him who unconsciously did cause thy death;
 For soon as thou hadst yielded up thy breath,
 With grief for thee his frantic soul was riven."

CLIX.

A versatile genius fond of fame,
 A would-be epic by the same.

- 1 Pleasant shade in Eastern clime.
- 2 Pleasant fruit in summer time.
- 3 } Unpleasant dwellers in those lands.
- 4 }
- 5 Name of a sultan there, whose hands
 Were stain'd with many a crime.
- 6 Broad country under tropic sun.
- 7 Tall plant that grows where rivers run,—
 Both there and in our cooler clime.
- 8 When comes my eighth, your work is done,—
 And here I end my rhyme.

CLX.

One who studies life and nature;—
 My second a poet of whom we are proud.

- 1 "O far beyond the waters
 The fickle feet may rove."
- 2 The warrior who broke the charm
 "That wrapt the myrtle grove."

- 3 Small coin used in olden times.
- 4 Yields golden harvests in sunny climes.
- 5 Some of heavenly hue, and some of tenderest brown.
- 6 May be seen in many a factory town.
- 7 Circassian maid who "was not kind."
- 8 He for his country rose and died
Must we call him a patriot blind.
- 9 Flourishing best by the water side.

CLXI.

A victim and victimiser

- 1 "King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth."
- 2 "Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire,
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar;
Her head was serpent, but ah! bitter sweet!
She had a woman's mouth, with all its pearls
complete."
- 3 "And thou, my friend! since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain!
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?"
- 4 "A warrior's image, on a tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stained window shed."
- 5 "Might I but quit the sunless town;
On mountain peak, or heathery down,
By sea or shore, in wood or wold,
High converse with thy charms to hold."
- 6 "What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?"

CLXII.

Brother Chiefs.

- 1 " And that was at the midnight tide,
The world was still on every side.
With open head and foot all bare,
Her hair, too, spread she gan to fare;
Upon her clothes' girt she was,
And speechless upon the grass
She glode forth as an adder doth."
- 2 " If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Anthony, *she* is
A blessed lottery to him."
- 3 " Ah, bard ! tremendous in sublimity !
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve, with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood !
Awhile with mute awe I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy !"
- 4 " Des amours célèbre les conquêtes
Se couronne de myrte, et préside à leurs fêtes."
- 5 " Working unseen in breast of hermit lone,
Or crushing nations from a tyrant's throne,
She kills in various guise ;—but kills alike in all."

CLXIII.

A Patron Saint.
The country he loved.

- 1 " The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud."

- 2 "Shinéd far away
Like glimmering light of Phœbus' brightest ray."
- 3 Where this city—
"In gold and purple glitter'd o'er the scene,
Now the poor fisher dries his net, nor thinks
How great, how rich, how glorious, once she rose!"
- 4 "Dancing down o'er rock and shingle,
Carols its happiness along."
- 5 "All thy glories, all thy deeds of yore
Live but in legends wild, and poets' lore!"
- 6 "He fought, but silently and lone;
A viewless helmet fenced his head:
No blow was struck! no blood was shed!"
- 7 "There was a haughtiness in all he did;
A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid;
His zeal, tho' more than that of servile hands,
In act alone obeys, his air commands."

CLXIV.

My "flighty" first "can never be o'ertook
Unless my second go with it."

- 1 'Tis "but a flower out of place,"
What we so worthless deem.
- 2 The verdure's held in durance drear,
All motionless the stream.
- 3 Here, 'tis the transient flash of joy,
With trouble's stormy strife.

- 4 Poetic tale of olden times
With love and wonder rife.

CLXV.

"Awake thee to my touch of fire,
And set thy music free!"

- 1 Sweet it sounds from my village-home.
2 One of three who ruled in Rome.
3 "In soft meanders wandering down the hill,"
4 "Her melancholy notes the woodlands fill."

CLXVI.

Heroine of a sweet domestic song.

- 1 Of twenty-six, the eighth, and last but four,
2 A southern town of Russia, on the shore.
3 A ruined castle and a princely name.
4 A king whose stature was of well-known fame.
5 A substitute for carpets in old time
6 An island where cathedral-bells did chime.
7 A tree whose leaves are not unlike the lime,
And always moving,—to complete my rhyme.

CLXVII.

On my first, my second floats
By the lordly castle-wall.

- 1 May be on stream or breezy hill.
2 Italian he—a rebel still.
3 If you have this, you want no more;
4 Lose not my last, 'twill soon be o'er.

CLXVIII.

That which to have is all our greatest joy ;
That which to feel, doth all our life alloy.

- 1 On mountain side,
Or moorland wide,
My first is seen.
- 2 A merchant's name,
Of world-wide fame,
My next I ween.
- 3 Three fatal letters,
To those whose betters
Are not upright.
- 4 A sultan great,
Of Mysore state,
Who loved the fight.
- 5 My fifth he got,
In battle hot,
And died outright.

CLXIX.

My second is the name of one
Thro' all the world renown'd,
Whose deeds of love and charity,
With great success were crown'd.

Within the dark cells of my first,
His days and nights were spent
Considering in his generous soul,
How best to save the lost.

- 1 To do my *first* he travell'd far,
He stood before the great,
His audience, the vile and low,
And the high ones of the state.
- 2 My *second* is a hero brave,
Who liv'd in ancient times;
His arms he bore the cross to save
From Moorish enemies.
- 3 But not so hard his battle prov'd
As that in which my whole engag'd,
And not so glorious the aim
For which the bloodless fight was wag'd.
- 4 To seek my *third*, he cross'd my *fourth*,
Full many a weary day he stay'd,
And then, returning to the North,
No longer from his work delay'd.
- 5 By many is my *fifth* desired,
A sign of merit falsely deem'd;
But that to which my whole aspir'd
Was to evolve it from confusion.
- 6 My *sixth* is felt by all the world,
One man has one, and one another,
But those within my whole confin'd,
Had felt it most for him who makes it.

CLXX.

- 1 The first part of my whole names one,
Who in my *first* spends half his days,
Searching amid its dim-lit caves
The treasures of my second whole.

- 2 My *second* is a word that ne'er has press'd his lips,
Tho' toil and danger clog his downward path.
- 3 Returning to the light, his spoils enrich
The fair ones safely hous'd
Within the sheltering chambers of my *third*.
- 4 My *fourth* denotes the burning regions
North and south of which my whole lies buried.
- 5 Carried with lightning swiftness
Along my *fifth*, the treasure reaches home at last.

CLXXI.

The sempstress does what she ought,
The laundress does what she ought not.

- 1 O come and join me.
2 The hour is late.
3 Sicknes, my malady.
4 Wholly consumes me.
5 Thanks to my fate.

CLXXII.

As merry as you will.
As merry as you will.

- 1 The Cambridge hills were west
2 Of Araby the blest,
3 A day ago, I guess.

CLXXIII.

"When shall we three meet again?"
"When the hurly-burly's done."

- 1 When we three do meet again.

- 2 On the many fountain'd mount.
- 3 Where we only praise recount.
- 4 And their honey, bees retain.
- 5 Then will we raise the cry.
- 6 Then craving satisfy.
- 7 Then heave the breast on high.

CLXXIV.

Term of reproach by me, a Roman, borne.
My first's last home, but of death's terror shorn.

- 1 All have one, some have many, one marked chief
of all.
- 2 In honey'd jar, I've late been found, by mind
fantastical.
- 3 Might's often this; yet still we pray it may defended
be.
- 4 "She-wolf of France!" thus rav'd the Bard,—and
very truth spoke he.
- 5 A race of brave and hardy men, not slavish certainly.
- 6 If but the voices be in tune, you'll surely like the
song.
- 7 A space of years, as moments short, or days, as
centuries long.
- 8 My spotless white should be but type of purity
within.
- 9 My petals pure, my fragrance rare, our poets' praises
win.

CLXXV.

- 1 A Celtic hero, reckless, brave,
Of honey'd tongue was he,
And England's wisest queen he drave
To great perplexity ;
Hate rifled e'en his blood-stained grave
Bold chief of Irishry.
- 2 Honoured she long survived her foe
Yet which met death 'mid truest woe?
- 1 Immortal bard ! whose cunning pen
2 My follies turned to graces :
- 3 We, eaters of our fellow men,
Less favour'd, find our places.
- 4 Phonetic spelling must we crave—
Think of your daily craving,
This fourth, the "English Mercury" gave
To those Spain's proud fleet braving.
- 5 The love-craz'd maid, or countess rich,
That grieves us, *this* amuses.
- 6 Shakesperian term for nose, one which
A Yorkshireman still uses.
- 7 "Britannia's issue hail !" all hail !
E'en in initial'd glory.
Then Shakespeare wrote poor Duncan's tale.
- 8 And said I told life's story.
- 9 Last, time fam'd pile, whence the archbishop came,
Bluff Harry's "little one" in state to name.

CLXXVI.

The tongue of my first is for ever tied,
But my second rings merrily far and wide.

- 1 I beat all who defy me.
- 2 I make perfect all who try me.
- 3 I grind for all who do apply me.
- 4 I run after all who fly me.

CLXXVII.

A Poet—The subject of his ode.

- 1 Sweet and golden is my first.
- 2 By drivers am I oft accurst.
- 3 Quicker—your time is much too slow.
- 4 Mexican province, as all know.

CLXXVIII.

"I could have better spared a better man."

"Write me down an ass."

- 1 "I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken."
- 2 "A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."
- 3 "Speak thou! whose massy strength and stature
scorn

The power of years—speak, grandmother!"

- 4 "Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around."

- 5 "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?—he's good
At anything, and yet a fool!"
- 6 "I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss."
- 7 "If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest!
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forgèd, with my rapier's point!"
- 8 "I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moon's sphere."

CLXXIX.

Dainty piece of nature work,
None more lovely doth she trace.

Often in my *first* I lurk,
Haunt the spheres and fly thro' space."

- 1 Toiling ever, ever uphill.
2 Hero or heroine?—both if you will.
3 Too costly thy dinner, oh reckless wight!
4 Chose the red badge, and fought the fight.
5 Wildest scene of England's coast,
Known to Arthur, England's boast.

CLXXX.

Parted, powerless things;
Join'd, we're strong as kings.

- 1 Who would crave more than one string to his bow.
2 Famed for thy bulls and thy butter art thou!
3 'Ware of me hunters that cry "tally-ho!"

CLXXXI.

O turn me not in scorn away,
But give my *first*, kind lady, pray!

The birds are better off than I,
To them my next you ne'er deny.

- 1 My words are unwelcome, yet useful, no doubt—
- 2 What in Italy ne'er you should travel without;
- 3 Pray, double these vowels, a consonant make,
- 4 Then the name of a fam'd Turkish warrior take.
- 5 In this humble abode a philosopher liv'd,
Here surly and blunt, a king's homage received.

CLXXXII.

“White-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he mov'd; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder; but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a god's;
And his cheek brightened as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam.”

“Then thou, Achilles, reverence the gods;
And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down
—On me—more needing pity, since I bear
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne
Who stoops to kiss the hand that slew his son.”

- 1 "By this hand I swear
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead."
- 2 " In this heathen war the fire of God
Fills him; I never saw his like: there lives no
greater leader."
- 3 " Last of Romans ! While the tree
Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
E'en for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion and the people's chief."
- 4 " I would not have her
Break her heart for a man who has none to break ;"
Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose."
- 5 " Ah, wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain ?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain."

CLXXXIII.

Now if the meaning of my name you seek,
I'll tell you plainly, it is "*Tulip-cheek*."

- 1 " City of war which, in a few short hours
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of him, who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high, pillar'd halls of Chilminar,
Had conjur'd up, as far as eye can see,
This world of tents and domes, and sun-bright
armory."

- 2 "The ancient flood, which from its spring
 In the dark mountains, swiftly wandering,
 Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
 With relics from Bucharía's ruby mines,
 And lending to the Caspian half its strength,
 In the cool Lake of Eagles, sinks at length."
- 3 "Who can behold Alpheus' sacred tide,
 Nor call to mind Olympia's ancient pride?
 For many a pile beside his yellow sand
 In awful ruin consecrates the strand."
- 4 Dost thou not "love to hear
 The raining music from a morning cloud?"
- 5 "In war the pasha's arm was strong,
 Remember'd yet in Bosniac song;
 And Paswan's rebel hordes attest
 How little love they bore such guest."

CLXXXIV.

- "Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
 And longest life is but a day;
 To have my ends, maintain my rights,
 I'll take the shortest way."
- 1 "One foot on sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never."
- 2 "Durindana from the sheath he drew,
 And midst his foes with noble fury flew."
- 3 "Beneath the summer sky,
 From flower to flower let him fly."

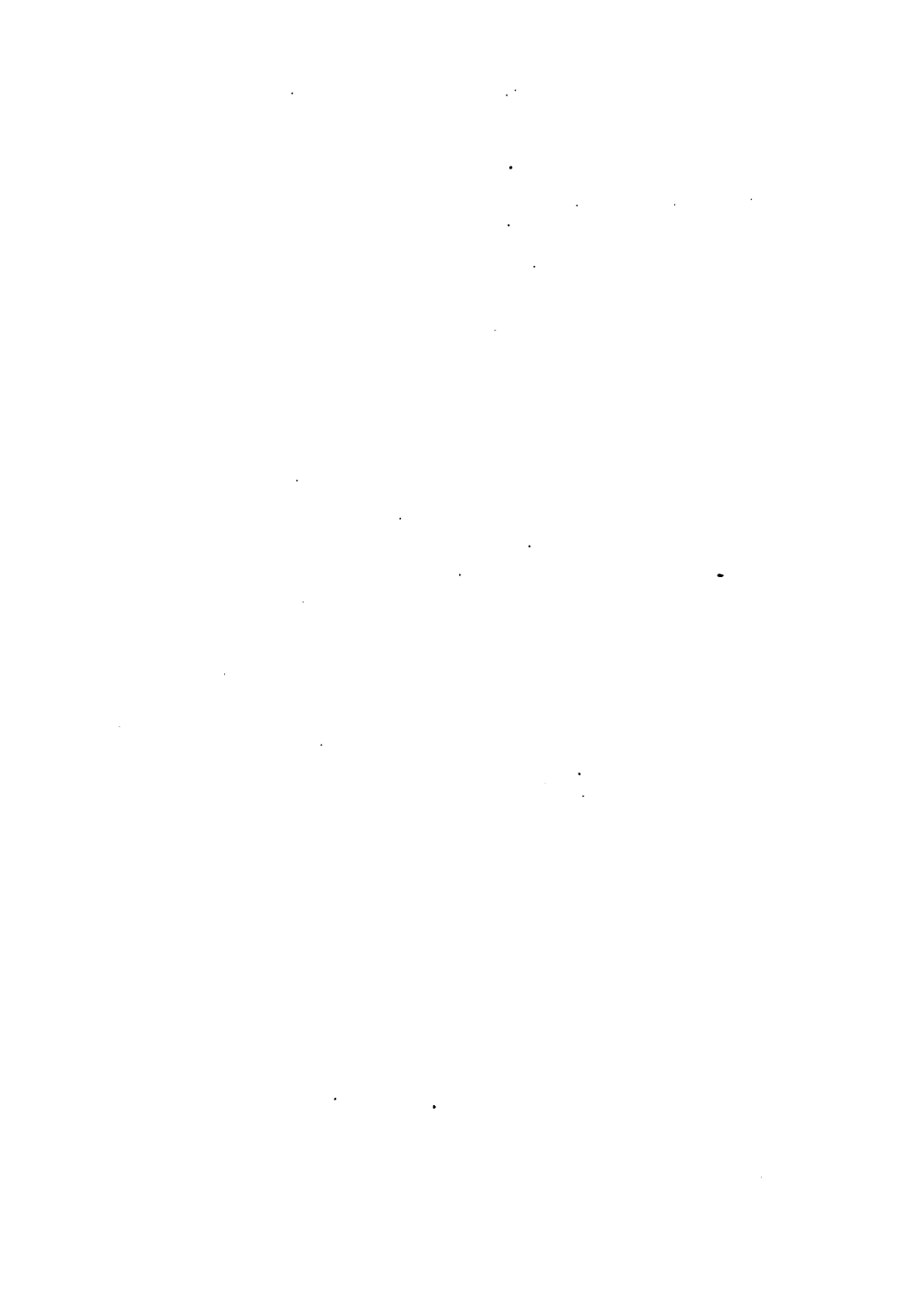
CLXXXV.

- 1 A Swedish hero who stood firm when tried.
- 2 By links of filial love to Byron tied.
- 3 " Deep, majestic, smooth and strong."
- 4 The sweetest maiden of the laureate's song.
- 5 Affliction's emblem ; twine it with the yew.
- 6 The sun's o'ercast, tho' noon, " fair day adieu !"
- 7 Bright leaf, by conqueror and by poet worn.
- 8 " Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn !"



THE END.

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